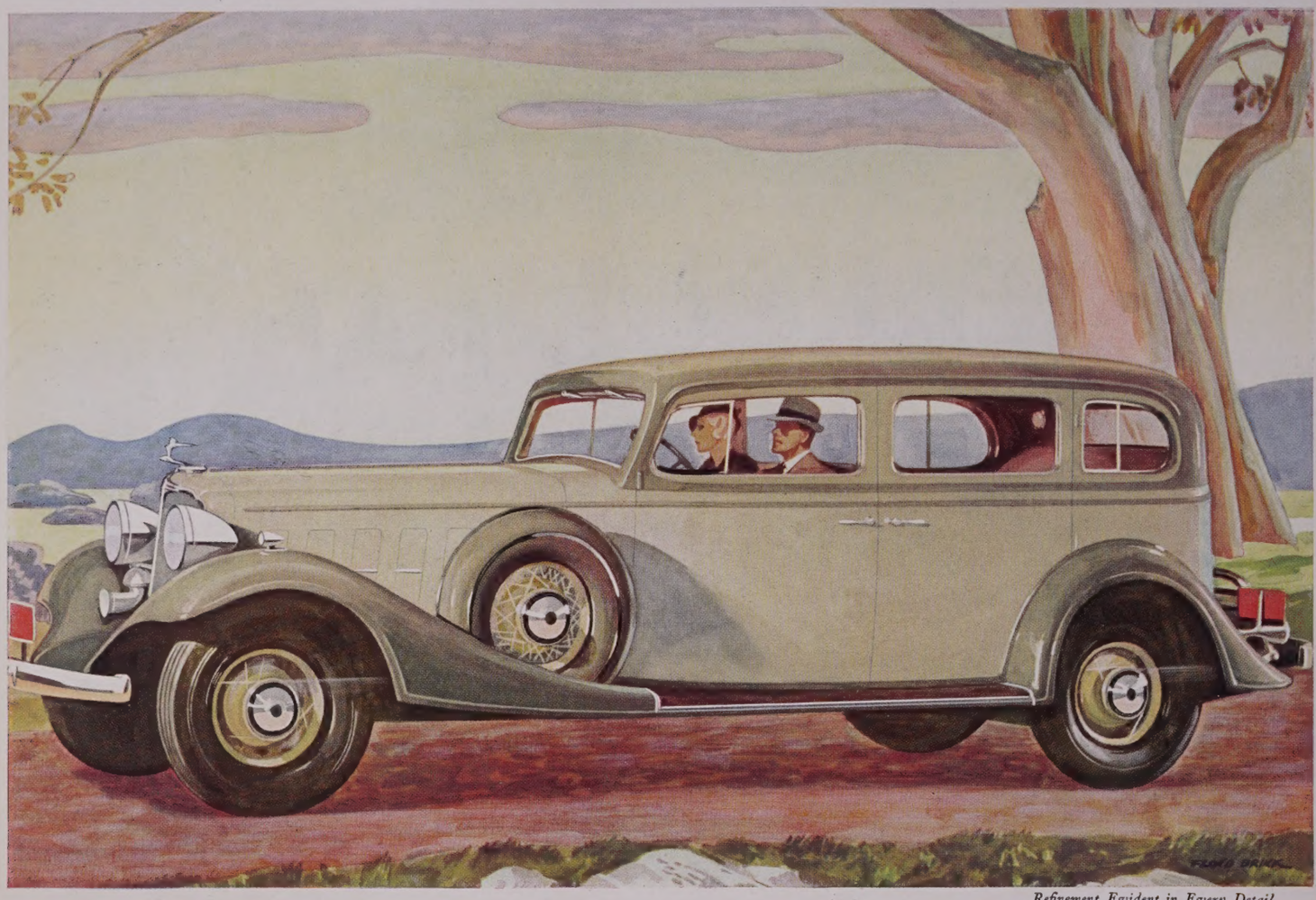
Arts AND Decoration

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Buick thanks these owners for their kind permission to publish these facts about their cars. We invite you to write us the story of your Buick, telling us of its mileage, travels, unusual performance feats, etc.



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1908 Buick Roadster . . . 240,000 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . still running . . . owned by Mr. W. F. Woods, 513 South Main, Belvidere, Ill.



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370,000 MILES

1926 Buick Sedan . . . 370,000 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . still running . . . owned by Mr. John A. Erickson, 727 So. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.



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1931 Buick Eight Sedan . . . 146,660 miles of service up to January 1933 . . . "just beginning to run!" . . . owned by Mr. F. E. Fitzgerald, 4003 Carter Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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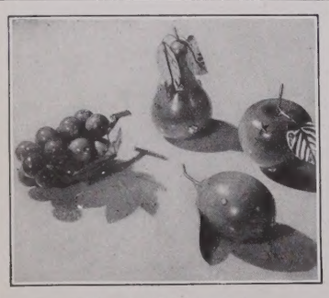
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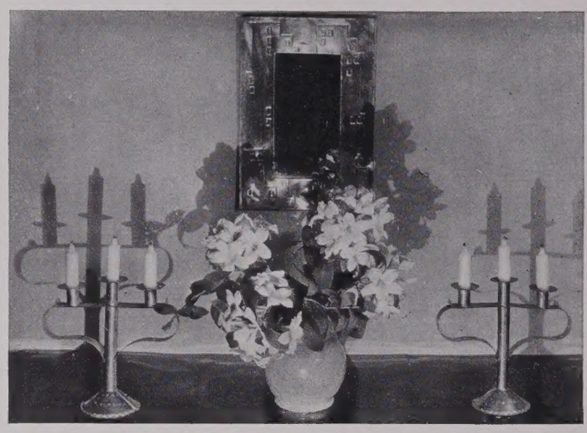
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Here and There About Town

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



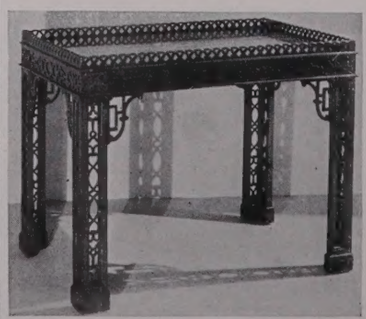
Frances T. Miller, 10 East 53rd Street

HAND-WOVEN rugs of original design, in several new weaves, are featured for the country house by Frances T. Miller, notably one in brown and white, of heavy texture, trimmed with a worsted fringe.

In another, also recently received from the looms, the character of the coloring is more varied, yet harmoniously blended in a pleasing variation of the rag rug. Then there are pale, pastel plaids on a soft cream ground that are made to order. With these are many charming new drapery fabrics and imported wall papers.

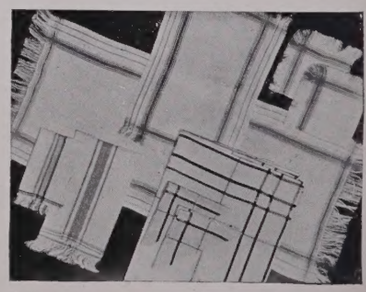
As a result of a trip to the southwest, Mrs. Miller has acquired some interesting pieces of Mexican tin work and pottery. The candlesticks shown here are examples of the former. The tin framed mirror is an original production by Enid Bell.

FINE reproductions, chiefly in living room furniture, at the Frank-Davies Company, are included in a stock of period pieces, representative of the best types of English, French, Italian and Spanish cabinetwork. Among these, the Chinese Chippendale coffee table, with a crotch mahogany top and hand-carved legs, gallery and apron, illustrated, is outstanding. Only the finest veneers are used and, in the overstuffed furniture, appropriately selected materials. There are occasional pieces in period types for the bedroom and dining room, as well.



Frank-Davies Co., 23 East 49th St.

The paneled rooms executed by this firm and carried out in Swedish pine, walnut or oak, are also indicative of skillful workmanship. Swedish pine takes on an interesting pinkish tinge, quite different from the pine which is grown in North Carolina.



Elba Oddities Co., 320 Fifth Ave.

DECORATIVE table and house linens, with their unfailing charm, offer a diversified selection for the country house at the Elba Oddities Company, including many novelties in the colorful Italian peasant linens, shown above.

These comprise 13-piece luncheon sets complete with fringed or hand rolled runners, plate doilies and napkins, in a number of single and broken-stripe patterns; bar towels, as gay as their use suggests, and the new guest towels with stripes to harmonize with any color scheme.

The Madeira tea cloths with color appliqué and rolled edges are also to be commended for their daintiness and similarity to fine French work.

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The Smart Shops and Galleries



The Little Gallery, 18 East 57th St.

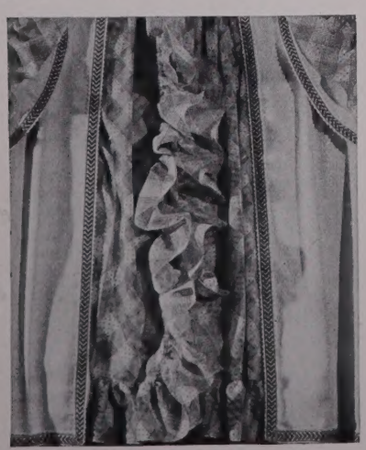
A GALLERY where one may wander about enjoying a constantly varying exhibition of pictures, pottery and other decorative accessories is what The Little Gallery represents. Only individual and distinctive designs are displayed in the delicate Venetian, Austrian and Swedish table glassware, and in the exquisite laces and Italian linens made after original sketches.

The china from representative makers is equally exclusive in its decorations. There is a copy of an old Spode bowl, by Wedgwood, and one of an antique plate from Evereux. Hand-wrought silver offers another interesting feature, typifying the work of Arthur J. Stone and Lapparra. Here you may also get hook rugs, washable and hand-dyed, to match chintz hangings.

Flower vases and bowls and garden ornaments provide still another selection, among them the cement penguin by Ralph Menconi, shown here, together with an aluminum bowl, new lead flower holder and ribbed chromium flower pot container, filled with miniature ivy.

ENSEMBLES that are washable in every detail have been introduced by Erskine-Danforth, for the bedroom and dinette, as an attractive feature for the decoration of the summer house.

These are shown in a variety of harmonious color combinations. For the dinette, these include double Dutch window curtains of candy striped or blue plaid dimity with red ratina overdraperies; checked gingham table runners and chair pads, or if preferred, an ensemble in brown and yellow or red with blue. These sets make the dinette as attractive as a real dining room.



Erskine-Danforth, 391 Mad. Ave.

For the bedroom there are equally attractive selections in blue or red ruffled fern print voile glass curtains, as illustrated, with white piqué overdraperies, together with harmonizing petal-down dressing table draperies, chair covers and bedspreads. Their charm is further enhanced by their adaptability to frequent tubbings, assuring continuous freshness throughout their use.

SUMMER furnishings have made their first appearance at Baphé's in the latest types of iron and rattan furniture. Delightfully different,



Baphé, 15 East 48th St.

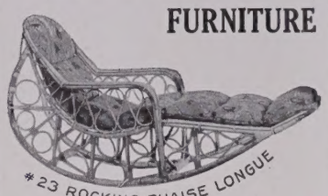
these models include deep-seated chairs of inviting proportions. There is one in iron, a new white Heppelwhite armchair, with green permatex seat, for outdoor use, which is surprisingly comfortable.

The semi-circular iron benches, white and gold with brown permatex cushions, are another innovation. These may be so grouped as to form a broken circle around a glass topped table, charming for tea in the garden. There is also a large collection of new flower vases in colored Italian glass and turquoise blue pottery, together with white wire pot containers and stands. Cocktail and tea trays with their appropriate accessories are likewise being shown.

GARDEN furniture of timely interest is available at the Erkins Studio in everything that is necessary to make the natural setting more beautiful and inviting.

The large new lead scallop-shell bird bath is an important item in the collection. Another is a bird bath of Pompeian stone in a rustic finish, comprising a pedestal with a subdivided basin, on the edge of which a little squirrel stands guard.

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Erkins Studio, 255 Lex. Ave.

Hand-engraved sun-dial plates, some old and all with appropriate inscriptions, are to be had most reasonably, especially those of smaller size for the intimate garden.

Lead fountain figures offer a wide choice in appealing figure subjects. One, "Boy with a Duck", is illustrated. There are also ornamental animals, glazed terra-cotta jars for the terrace and garden wall, and marble benches. Hand-wrought lead flower pot holders, of unusual artistic merit, with embossed figure decorations, and ornamental twisted rope edges, have recently been received.

BATHROOM accessories at Lewis & Conger's tempt one with their luxurious touches and the possibilities they offer toward making the bathroom a really delightful place. Among a great number of decorated linen hampers, for example, there is this one, illustrated, painted with luscious marshmallow blossoms against a soft peach ground. Next to this is a silvered papier-mâché wastebasket, initialed and banded in black, and an undeniably useful bathtub rack, that fits across the tub, intended to hold the essential toilet lotions and even a cigarette box and ashtray. These come in all the pastel shades.

The bathroom pillow, adhering to the sides of the bathtub by suction cups, is another indulgence for those who enjoy a prolonged bath. Every convenience for putting the clothes-closet into a summery mood, is offered here.

The greatly enlarged garden department is also most interesting, for here has been assembled everything a garden lover may desire, from a becoming smock set with hat and gauntlets, to a new wheelbarrow for flowers, light and easy to move about.

AS the name implies, the Carol Stupell Cocktail Shop is supplied with all the essentials for a complete equipment in the latest decorations available. Among the newer bars is one, collapsible and of walnut, equipped with a radio. The carved bar ornaments of whistling peasant figures are amusing.

In the more exclusive glassware are Agua Caliente decorated coffee glasses bound in colored raffia and insulated with cork, and similar highball glasses. A beverage set with rustic wood overlay is distinctly new, as are the cedar beer mugs, banded with brass. With these may be used an aluminum beer coaster, designed by Russel Wright, holding four bottles. As a consistent feature, a department is devoted to tempting appetizers and relishes.

A complete tomato juice cocktail set is consistently decorated, even on the coasters and tray. Hall pottery beer mugs, banded in silver and monogrammed, are shown in anticipation of their legal use.

Lewis & Conger, 45th St. & 6th Ave.



Stupell Cocktail Shop, Hotel Barclay





The April Stage

is so full of a number of things

FROM Fred Wallace's charming portrait of Eva Le Gallienne on the front cover to Cadillac's four-color advertisement on the back, this forthcoming issue is filled with news, critical estimate, and chit-chat of the current plays, enlivened with a lavish abundance of pictures.

For example—

The gist of the month's best plays, with many exclusive action photographs:

Strike Me Pink, the latest of that gaudy series of madcap musical entertainments, with photographs taken from the audience.

Both Your Houses, Maxwell Anderson's satiric picture of Congress in action, with Galbraith's drawings.

Forsaking All Others, the gaily unimportant little play which brings Tallulah Bankhead back to America after many years.

One Sunday Afternoon, a sentimental reminiscence of those funny 'nineties, which has placed Leo Bulgakov in the forefront among directors.

News and views and opinions anent the current theatre from all sorts of angles, such as

A Playgoer's Afterthoughts, in which the plays of the early-spring season are discussed and assessed in friendly, conversation mood.

Allene Talmey's *Asides*, full of the curious things and flippant observed in Broadway purlieus.

Jerry Maxwell's account of the international fashion parade represented by the well dressed plays of the day (along with her practical hints *à propos*).

Nancy Hamilton's rhymed advice to Metro-Goldwyn on how to adapt *Design for Living* for the talkies.

Samuel Chotzinoff's comments (sometimes a bit unconventional) on the music one has been hearing lately.

Lawrence Langner's Proposal for the month, based, of course, on inside knowledge.

Creighton Peet's comments on the movies worth seeing.

The News from England, along with an advance indication concerning London plays likely to be seen here next season.

And, in *Curtain is Up!*, succinct comment on the plays competing for your attention, with all the information needed to help you make up your mind, together with a comprehensive foretaste of what is to come.

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CONTENTS

April

1933



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Cover Design by Will Hollingsworth
Frontispiece—Gracious Home in the Southern Tradition
Souvenir of Aiken *Baird Leonard* 9
Drawings by Floherty Jr.
Epilogue to Swimming *Mollie Davis* 12
For a Rising Temperature 15
Salt-Water Boudoirs 16
The Eighteenth Century at Sutton Place *Kenneth Pendar* 18
Remembering Italy 23
Gardens in the Sun 24
If Summer Comes 26
Turnabout Makes for a Good Evening . . *Marcia Meigs* 28
Drawings by Melisse
Good Modern Bachelor *Harriet von Schmidt* 30
Bench Show 34
Footnotes to King Solomon 36
From Pinafores to Summer Curtains 38
A Great Style Begins 40
Chez Vous in France *William B. Powell* 41
Whether It Rains or Not 43
Portofino by the Sea *Douglass Morse Howell* 44
Kaleidoscope of Paris *Janet Flanner* 46
Broadway to Date *Benjamin DeCasseres* 48
Common or Garden Talk *Gay Young* 50
More Eminent Victorians 52
Good Pieces Get Together 54
From the Smart Shops and Galleries *Elizabeth Lounsbery* 2

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Gracious homes in the Southern tradition offer hospitality for modern Aiken

The old houses of Charleston inspired the Aiken home of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Knox of Buffalo, with its sturdy, yet graceful wooden gateposts and the old cast-iron balcony leading off the second floor. The walls are of whitewashed brick with blue-green shutters. The long, low white stucco stables in a sparse pine grove house Mr. Knox's polo ponies. Peabody, Wilson and Brown were the architects

Colonel R. R. McCormick of Chicago built his Aiken home, pictured at the top of the opposite page of white painted brick, in the classical tradition made famous by Thomas Jefferson. The architect of Colonel McCormick's house was Willis Irwin





The home of Colonel and Mrs. R. R. McCormick

Souvenir of Aiken

BY BAIRD LEONARD

YELLOW buggies, with grinning black boys dangling their legs from the back, the warm smell of sun on pine needles, horses and dogs and the lazy talk that goes with them, gracious old houses and tweeds and children—toddlers who have learned to sit a pony before they could walk, and leggy youngsters who wear the pink with veteran gravity—these spell Aiken to anyone who has ever dropped off the twelve o'clock train there, and gone back every year come February, to stay until spring comes north. All these, and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock. The Thomas Hitchcock family is the pivot of Aiken activities. This is as it should be, since the colony was founded by Mrs. Hitchcock's aunt, Celestine Eustis, that *grande mademoiselle* of New Orleans. Mr. Hitchcock, aided and abetted by the late William C. Whitney, has developed it, and the Hitchcock woods are the setting for Aiken's most famous diversion, the drag hunts.

As everyone knows, there are three drags a week—on Tuesdays and Thursdays for the adults, and on Saturdays for the children. Everybody turns out



The stables of Mr. Seymour Knox





The quiet and spaciousness and dignity of the Georgian houses have been captured in the wide hall of Mr. Winthrop Rutherfurd's home in Aiken. The white walls and the curve of the stair are in delicate contrast to the warm red-brown of the tile floor, the dark walnut stair rail, and the Hepplewhite chairs and Duncan Phyfe tables. Peabody, Wilson and Brown designed this house, as well as the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Warren



for them, meeting at some spot in the woods from which the scent has been laid earlier in the morning. There is a pleasant excitement about these congregations, punctuated by the yapping of hounds, gossip and tall stories. Participants arrive through the trees from all directions, and spectators, who far outnumber them, trot in on horseback or roll up in yellow buggies, each with a black buggy boy hanging on behind.

Then eleven o'clock, the leisurely trek of the spectators to a point of vantage from which the line and its finish may be seen. The hounds are thrown in and the drag is off, over four and five foot fences of brush and interlaced logs—Mrs. Hitchcock, the M.F.H., in front with her green-coated whips and huntsman, Mr. and Mrs. Rigan McKinney and Mrs. Averell Clark. Few riders are unseated however stiff the jumps and barriers, for Aiken horsemanship though casual is of a superior grade.

The drags, always as informal as a sportsman's nice precision will allow, are even smaller and more casual this year, so that any unusual entry, such as the great day when Mr. Howard Bruce rode his celebrated Billy Barton to the drag, causes a flutter of excitement over the whole countryside.

Nor are the activities of the Axe Club unimportant in the social calendar. These are the Friday mornings when the energetic—and who in Aiken is not energetic?—set forth to remove all brush and timber along a course that has been marked off for them by a piece of string. Boys and girls together tug at refractory saplings and pull apparently permanent stumps up by the roots and develop fabulous appetites for the picnic lunch and hot soup and coffee brought down by the servants of the



The tall stories of horsemen and horsewomen —of the jump you took and the brush barrier you almost missed—have a comfortable setting in the cheerful pine library of Colonel and Mrs. R. R. McCormick. The pine walls are unstained, the sofas are gay with chintz, and a white bear rug gives warmth before the fire





In the hall of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Warren's home, the walls are of local pecky cypress, grayed and waxed

Mrs. Seymour Knox follows the Georgian manner in her dining room, with its white arched cupboards and old Duncan Phyfe table

neighboring houses. And hovering over all, are the commercial photographers, with their clicking cameras.

To the true lover of Aiken, the simplicity of the life there is its dearest charm—the old houses that have been dispensing quiet hospitality for so many years, the new houses that seem to be a part of the rolling Carolina country, the absence of a hotel crowd, the casual luncheons and dinners and picnics. Invitations that are telephoned or given at the drags or on the links, parties that are prompted *(Continued on page 56)*





You may take your crowded plate to a chintz mattress at the very edge of the pool, or perch yourself, legs dangling, upon the spring-board itself. Or, like Mrs. Lawrence Waterbury, Mrs. William Seward Webb, Mrs. Quentin Field Feitner, Mr. Waterbury, Mrs. Robert L. Clarkson and Mr. Joseph E. Davis at the left, choose a corner near the swimming pool, where the sun makes aromatic the tropical shrub at your elbow



Looking across the diving board and through the door at the other end of the pool, the swimmer can watch tennis players on the court outside before he plunges into the salt water



PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. E. GEISLER

WHETHER SERVED IN THE PATIO OR OUT BY THE

AT MRS. DODGE SLOANE'S IN PALM BEACH IS A

Covered with the gayest of green and white plaid linen, with Venetian glass and shallow pottery bowls filled with camellias and gardenias, luncheon tables await the guests in the corridor which separates the patio from the pool. At the table in the rear are Mrs. Maurice Fatio, Mr. Feitner, Mrs. Joseph E. Davis and Mr. Davis; Mrs. Dodge Sloane, Mr. Price Harrison, Mrs. Nelson Slater and Mr. Robert L. Clarkson are in front

Epilogue to Swimming

BY MOLLIE DAVIS

WET PARTIES are generally considered successful, except in retrospect, but if a party is characterized as "all wet" it has quite the opposite significance. Yet Palm Beach luncheons are apt to be "all wet", even externally, and are still the pleasantest meals in the world. The prelude to them is tennis in bathing suits or shorts, a quick shower for pool preservation purposes, and the ultimate swim in salt water, piped directly underground from the sea, and constantly in flux!

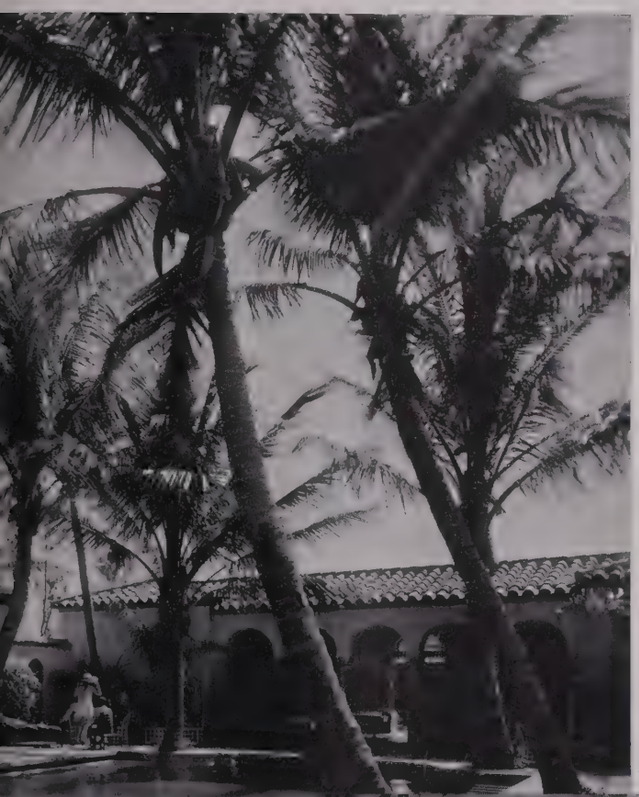
Now lunch has become vital, and suddenly you are aware that small tables have been noiselessly placed in the roofed-over corridor, or cloister, that surrounds the patios and pools in Palm Beach, where ecclesiastical architecture has been delightfully profaned for the supreme good of our bodies.

Maurice Fatio last winter waved his draftsman's pencil and created the tennis court, pool, bar and dressing rooms for Mrs. Dodge Sloane and plotted the extraordinary planting which looks as if it had flourished for centuries.

At Mrs. Sloane's, it is in the corridor which separates the patio from the pool that the tables are placed for luncheon. But nothing is immovable. If the sun is not too presumptuous you can take your tables from under the arched roof to the mossy flags of the patio, or abjuring tables altogether, carry your crowded plate to a chintz mattress at the very edge of the pool, or perch yourself, legs dangling, upon the edge of the spring-board itself.

On the tables are the gayest of green and white plaid tablecloths and napkins, Venetian glass of blending colors and hazardous frailty, and shallow pottery bowls filled with camellias, gardenias or the more ephemeral, but decorative, thunbergia or bougainvillea.

The most casual remark such as, "Are you ready for your cocktail?" or "Of course you are stopping for lunch," constitutes an adequate invitation, and your meal can be fitted into any time that suits your afternoon plans. It is ready when you





POOL, LUNCHEON

MOVEABLE FEAST



Not three seconds from the swimming pool, the tennis court with its perfect surface, colored just enough to mitigate the glare, offers its own invigorating prelude to swim and luncheon. Brilliant hibiscus vines bloom against the wall and climb the back stop, which serves also to give a welcome shelter from the wind that is causing such disturbance among the tops of the palms

In the open arcade between the tennis court and the pool, the unathletic sportsman, protected from the glare by white Venetian blinds, may count love sets on the one side to a splashing accompaniment on the other. Or he may devote himself comfortably to his own more important reflections. The pool, tennis court, bar and dressing rooms of Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Palm Beach home were designed by Maurice Fatio



are! If your bathing suit has served its legitimate purpose, you disappear into the be-mirrored waterproofed dressing room and emerge in flamboyant beach pajamas with big floppy hat of parasol dimensions, and saunter toward the side table where a great variety of food awaits you. There are several hot dishes with lamps burning cheerily beneath them, an egg concoction, some kind of hash, and two or three green vegetables, now often cooked without salt in compliance with the wishes of Dr. Hay's diet disciples, who dread new weight and hardened arteries.

On the other end of the table is a platter of cold white pompano, several bowls of salad, one of avocado, stone crabs in their cracked pink shells, and crawfish, those sublimated Florida lob- *(Continued on page 60)*

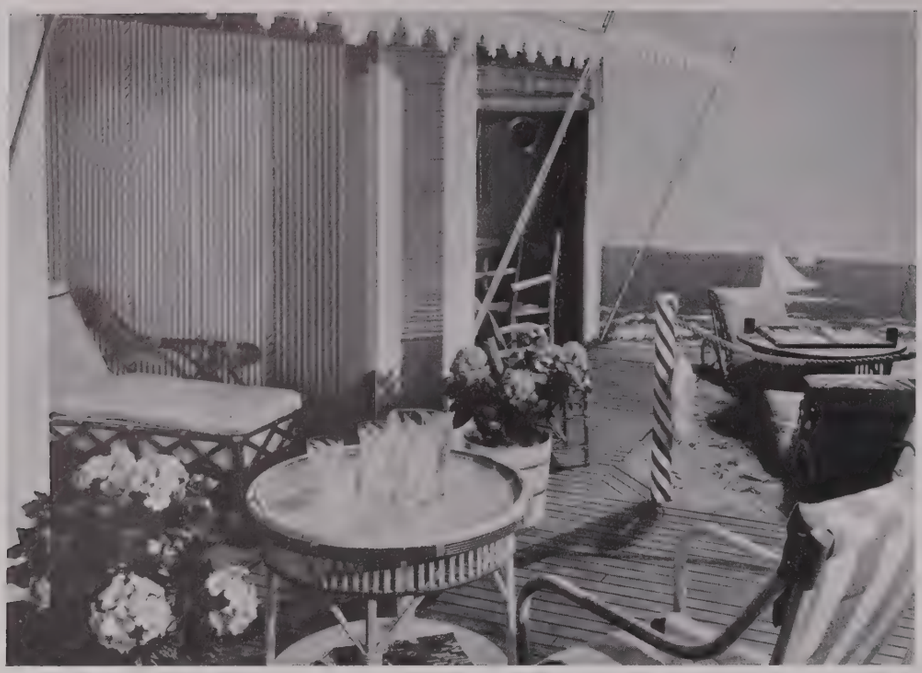
FOR A RISING TEMPERATURE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLINE WHITING



Your place in the sun may be this tangerine metal and canvas chair, and lucky for you if it is. There you can forget your spine, and a book rest will encourage your lazybone tendencies. From Mrs. Ehrich Company. The rope and metal chair and nest of iron and glass tables are from Arden Studios, and the white Normandy rug is from Lord and Taylor. Below: a wooden Pasadena sun bench, whose back lets down flat, and the wood and iron garden chair and table, from Arden Studios. Flower pots, Olivette Falls. Modern ash tray, Pitt Petri. Fibre rug, Deltox Rug Co.

Salt-water



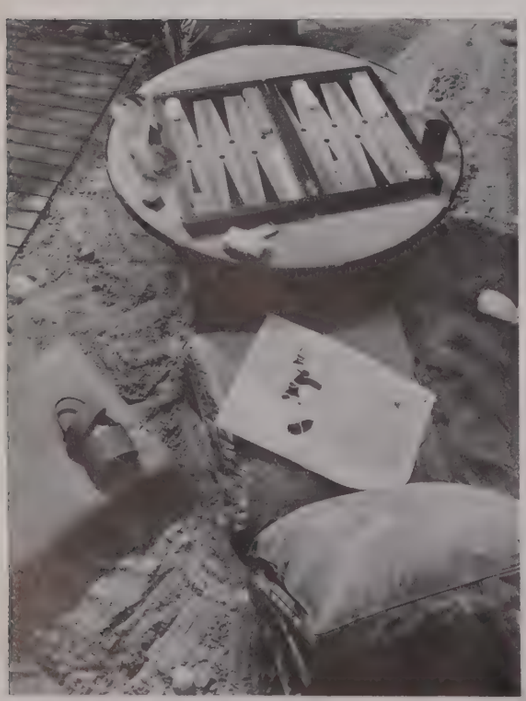
For those who go down to the sea in bathing suits, here's relaxation, perhaps over the backgammon board or in the red and white rattan and canvas chair, over a drink from Lalique's new palm leaf glasses

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLINE WHITING

Very masculine and sturdy is this half of the cabaña with its Habitant furniture of Michigan cedar. The walls are painted a sea blue, with royal blue trim, and are festooned with sailors' knots. The mirror frame is also trimmed in rope. The reed and rattan couch has an adjustable back. A ship's running lamp has been added, although most cabañas have not reached the electrical stage. But progress is progress. Robe and accessories, Saks-Fifth Ave.



A low beach seat with green permatex cushions and a convenient rattan table, will bring you down to earth while acquiring a tan. Sunburn oil kit, from Saks



Boudoirs

CABAÑA ROW, be it on the Adriatic or Long Island, has only two rules so far—thirty feet or so of beach front for the little house to stand on, and equipment which will come out of a total immersion test fresh as a daisy; beyond that, the law is uncodified, and you are limited only by your imagination and your adventurous spirit. And because the cabaña is the most delightful of playhouses, W. & J. Sloane has evolved a model beach house for ARTS & DECORATION, gay as a peppermint stick and nautical as a clipper ship. The house is divided into a lounge and dressing room for the men, in ocean blue, and one for the women in red, white and silver. Awnings stretch on aluminum spears over a narrow "boardwalk" in front, forming a shady retreat from too many actinic rays. Inside, doors at the back of the lounges lead to showers and dressing rooms, and everything is as waterproof as a raincoat from the permatex cushions to the window curtains.





The cabaña tradition grows apace along our sea shores

The white shutter doors of the distaff side of the cabaña, even when opened back, insure a certain amount of privacy with a maximum of air. The plain awning is blue-gray with white scalloped fringe, the other is red and white striped canvas, and each is supported by spear-tipped silver rods. The men's dressing room is protected by a rolled split bamboo curtain. The hydrangeas are in red and white tubs, and the chair is reed with green permatex cushions. W. & J. Sloane decorated both these cabañas

This white and red and silver boudoir-by-the-sea is done in the new Escadrille pattern waterproofed wallpaper, with a border known as Lafayette. The Regency rattan couch gleams in white permatex, as do the red and white reed and rattan chairs. The dressing table has a mirror top, while its red glazed chintz skirt may be waterproofed if desired. The lamps have mirror bases with piqué shades, while the curtains are silver permatex, trimmed with red and white ball fringe. The brush and comb set is made from rare woods inlaid with a dolphin design, made by Pan-Crafts. The robe, sandals and cosmetics are from Saks

The Eighteenth Century at Sutton Place

BY KENNETH PENDAR

IT IS extraordinary how often the atmosphere of the eighteenth century is recreated today in American houses in town and in the country. But rarely has this been achieved in an apartment. An exception is the New York home of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Carstairs at 25 Sutton Place, where the arrangement of furniture, the choice of few but very good pieces, and the infinite care used in relating details, have created an atmosphere of spaciousness, dignity, comfort and beauty, which is in the sympathetic mood of the century before last.

"But how is this brought about?" one asks.

First the shape and the plan of the rooms are excellent. One enters from the lift vestibule into a spacious hall from which open a bedroom corridor, the library, the drawing room and the dining room. Rooms so planned that they are adjoining and at the same time detached—making each one a separate entity—are important in the success of a house or apartment that is attempting to recapture the serenity of the Georgian homes. In any house of that period the rooms are detached—the library does not open off the drawing room, nor is it necessary to use another room as a hall





THE NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT OF MR. AND MRS. CARROLL CARSTAIRS

A grand piano, always a problem in decoration, works itself gracefully into the scheme of the drawing room, aided by fine Waterford candelabra and a graceful mirror. The desk is of the Queen Anne period and although decorative is yet serviceable

The fireplace in the drawing room is particularly inviting with a beige colored sofa and a green brocade chair that matches the neutral green walls. The little bookcase end table is a rare piece. The Munnings portrait over the mantel is of Mrs. Carstairs



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GOTTSCHO

The sunlit yellow walls of the library make a cheerful background for Mrs. Carstairs' portrait by Sorine, and Mr. Carstairs' fine collection of first edition war books. The drum saw service with the Grenadier Guards. The wall opposite this is hung with Orpen and Muirhead Bone drawings and an Ambrose McEvoy portrait





The Queen Anne candle sconce which seems to reflect the ghost of an eighteenth century lady with powdered hair (it is actually a portrait by the Reverend Peters) gives an idea of the old-world atmosphere of the pine paneled dining room. Mrs. Carstairs likes only candlelight for her dinner parties, where the mellow light gives dignity to the old lace and picks up the soft sheen of the Queen Anne silver urn, which she uses for a centerpiece, and the rare antique saltcellars and pepper shakers

to get to the dining room. One may sit in a room with the door closed, a luxury little appreciated today.

In the arrangement of furniture and the decoration of the wall space there has been no crowding—not even a hint of it. Take for instance the grouping around the drawing room fireplace. How nicely the actual line of the fine old pine mantel takes its place as a part of the decoration.

The library is a small room and its size has been considered above everything else in its arrangement. There are few chairs and tables, but they are adequate, both from the point of view of looks and of comfort. And the pictures, like the furniture, are a happy combination of beauty and serviceability—they have been hung low enough to be easily enjoyed from any part of the room. There are no lonesome chairs in this apartment, set off in a corner, without a companionable chair near for conversation, or a light for reading.

The other rooms are as happy in their arrangement as the drawing room and library. In the dining room the lines of the paneling and the mantel have been fully appreciated and the actual decoration of the room has been reduced to a minimum to emphasize their dignified simplicity. The lovely pickled pine doors in the hall have been featured as decoration, as they well deserve to be. In Mrs. Carstairs' bedroom, elegance has been attained by what amounts almost to a bareness—heightening the effect of the fine bed, the quaint spinet dressing table and the graceful writing desk.

But what is perhaps the key to the charm and beauty of this apartment is the delicate mastery of detail and harmony in the furniture, pictures, and fabrics.

As the pictures show, the furniture is not all of one period. The sofa in the library is Sheraton, and the one in the hall is Hepplewhite. The desk in the drawing room is Queen Anne, the table and mirror in the hall are also Queen Anne, and the dining room does not bear allegiance to any period except eighteenth century. And the result is unselfconscious harmony.

The small Haseltine horses on the drawing room mantel, under the Munnings portrait of Mrs. Carstairs on horseback, delight a fastidious taste. The two miniature globes on the library mantel were placed there with equal felicity. The arches in the bookcases de-



signed by Mr. Lillico give a distinction to what otherwise would have been commonplace bookshelves.

Mr. Carstairs was an officer in the Grenadier Guards during the Great War and throughout his home one finds reminders of his military interests. In the hall is a fine battle scene by Beechey, of King George III in a red coat on a white charger. In the library against light yellow walls is hung his fine collection of Muirhead Bone and Sir William Orpen war drawings. The *pièce de résistance* in the library is the drum now quietly doing service as a table, but proud of the battle honors emblazoned on its sides, records of victories of the Grenadier Guards.



The Renoir, "La Place de la Trinité," is particularly lovely in a bright corner of the drawing room. The arrangement here of the chair and table and window, with the painting and the small clock, makes an harmonious and inviting composition





Mrs. Carstairs' bed is covered in peach colored damask and harmonizes well with the green walls, the neutral carpet, and the sable robe. The pictures are watercolor portraits by McEvoy, and the bed tables are fine ones of the Queen Anne period. The dressing table is an old spinet that has been converted to modern use. The highly polished wood matches the tortoise shell toilet articles. On the little bed table are several of Mrs. Carstairs' collection of old patch boxes. The East River and the Queensborough Bridge can be seen from the window. This room is extremely bright and sunny, having a southeastern exposure with a glimpse of low-lying Long Island



The decoration of the hall has been reduced to a delightful simplicity. It depends upon old pine doors, a Queen Anne table, mirror and sconces, a Beechey war picture, a crystal chandelier, and a fine sofa for its charm. The decorative scheme carried out here is in keeping with the rest of the rooms and is of a simplicity verging on bareness, which sets the note for the dignity and distinction to the entire apartment

Spaciousness and elegance are achieved by Mrs. Carstairs with few but well-associated pieces



PHOTO BY BERTON CRANDALL

REMEMBERING ITALY

The influence of the Riviera is felt very strongly in the architecture of the California home designed by W. R. Yelland for Miss Mary Elizabeth Moynihan. Native stucco is used throughout this building. Terraces laid out on this rolling hillside are planted with fuchsias, iris, ferns and hydrangeas, against a background of eucalyptus and cypress, and a few scattered fruit trees. Standing as it does on a steep slope above San Francisco Bay, this might be an ancient villa glimpsed through vineyards on the hills of Fiesole

PHOTO BY VAN ANDA



Gardens IN THE SUN

Gray lavender drifts along the foot of this staircase, designed by Noel Chamberlain for the Connecticut garden of Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne Prescott. Wistaria vines on either side of the flat arch have almost hidden the stair rail, and spill blue and white blooms over the wall in early summer

The luxurious use of simple planting materials gives distinction to the boxwood garden at "Gibralta", the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Sharp, at Wilmington. The panel of grass which begins at the stone fountain is flanked by four very old boxwoods. Marion Coffin, landscape architect

Mrs. Albert H. Wiggin fittingly named the delicate Carrara marble figure which she made for her Greenwich garden, "Reverie" (opposite page). This figure, with the pool of Vermont verde antique marble, captures the elusive beauty of a retreat in the wild woods. Noel Chamberlain, landscape architect

PHOTO BY GOTTSCHO





PHOTO BY VAN ANDA

Close harmony of architectural effort is apparent in the Pennsylvania garden of Seth V. McCormick, jr., below. Carl C. Tallman, architect, Jennings and Borgeson, landscape architects

These photographs from the New York chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects are in the annual Exhibition, held from March 20 to April 1, at the Grand Central Galleries

PHOTO BY BURD





If Summer Comes . . .

SOME people get their best inspirations in church—whether for an Easter hat or on how to do the house for the summer—others find their ideas germinate best during charity concerts.

But pending such flashes of the inner light, we shall have to rely on a few notes and observations to tell us what we can expect to see on terraces and porches when the heat waves begin. Personally, I do not think you would at all object to finding in the shade somewhere, when the thermometer begins to soar, a lemon-yellow garden lounge, with a saucy canopy and a let-down back, or the bright tangerine lounge chair on page 15, that rocks gently on two tremendous metal loops, and is conducive to invertebrate poses. The breezes can circulate freely about you, for your feet rest on only a narrow strip of canvas swung between two adjustable rods. You don't even have to make the effort to hold up your own book—a folding rack does it for you.

Whether you belong to the Keep-Out-of-the-Sun or the Keep-In-the-Sun school of thought, if you have any decent instincts of sloth at all, you can't help being fascinated by the Pasadena sun benches. They are very primitive-looking, with their heavy



The love-seat glider, from Baphé, is of iron and white permatex; the green and white lamp with painted glass trays is from Alice Rand. A rust and green linen rug, from Klearflax Rug Company. Screen, Taylor and Low. Smoking accessories, Mayhew Shop

Lurelle Guild designed the perambulating chaise longue on the opposite page, with its black and gray and white patterned cushions on a lemon-yellow frame. H. C. White Company. The cocktail cart, from Debski, is rattan with black formica top, and gay little swinging trays at each corner. The rug is woven cotton, green with rust and yellow stripes. Gotham Carpet Company. Cocktail glasses, Mayhew. Shaker, Alice Marks

A buggy top on your chaise longue takes care of the sunny days, and a rattan bar wagon, the dry season. The chaise longue has brown and white permatex cushions and is from the Reed Shop. The bar is from Mayhew Shop and the imported glasses with crossed white arrows are from Alice Marks. The rattan armchair, with the stream-line effect, is from Sons-Cunningham. Small table from Debski. Brown fibre rug, made by Hodges Carpet Company for Altman's





PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLINE WHITING

wooden frames and solid wooden wheels, and quite sinfully comfortable. Ropes are laced across the framework as a base for rectangular cushions. If you wish to lie down the back drops flat, and when two of these sun benches are pushed together they make a sunning surface worth talking about. And speaking of rope, we find sailors' knots festooning nautical walls. Mirrors and pictures are framed with it. It laces concentric iron rings together to form the seats and backs of chairs. Rugs have been made out of rope for a long time, but Sweden contributes this year a new variety. It consists of two-foot woven squares, dyed bright colors and sewed together to the needed size.

Of course deep sink-down rattan chairs and lounges are the staples *(Continued on page 57)*

A wool fibre rug with basket-weave pattern designed by Russel Wright, and made by Patchogue Plymouth, comes in colors which harmonize with the chartreuse frame and brown cushions of this painted reed furniture from Heywood-Wakefield

BY MARCIA MEIGS

Turnabout Makes for a



NINE O'CLOCK—OLD PLAN **Just time to make the second show if your taxi driver has no inhibitions**



ELEVEN O'CLOCK **What to do next—go home or go on? Obviously you can't let the evening go to pieces now**



IT'S an old problem, and still unsolved—this matter of adjusting one's career and one's social life. Under the present arrangement, you're bound to get into trouble. If you roister around night after night until the dawn comes thundering up, your career is apt to curl up, gasp quietly, and pass right out from under you. Keeping late hours doesn't get girls and boys ahead in the current claw-tooth-and-nail struggle to survive and pay an income tax. But if, on the other hand, you Give All to your work, and join the early to bed and early to rise school of thought—the first thing you know you'll find your pink cheeked bright-eyed self sitting home in front of the fire all alone among your souvenirs.

Of course you may be one of those who never feel glummer or grimmer than the morning after a nice healthy eleven hours of sleep—but be that as it may, and with all due respect to those scientists who are talking about the mind being at its brightest and best in the early hours of the morning—the fact remains that either because we have had this theory so hammered into us that we believe it, or because it is actually true, we just aren't up to scratch and flowing with good will to man after an evening that ends at three or four or even two.

And don't think there's any middle ground, like going to parties and leaving early. Don't think you can get away simply by saying that you're tired. Or that you have to get up early and go to work. One thing is sacred in American Social Life, and that's a party. And anybody who commits the unpardonable sin of breaking up a party is a sissy. No indeed—we must all grit our teeth and carry grimly on until the sky gets grey, and the traffic lights pass quietly out.

Just take any simple average evening, and see what happens. A few couples get together for dinner and the movies. How pleasant it sounds, and how harmless. But the simplest of dinners—even with a frozen fruit salad to combine two courses and thus expedite matters—manages to stretch itself out until there's just time to make the second show if your taxi driver has no inhibitions. And after that's over—what next? You stand in a desolate little huddle on the sidewalk, dickering about the proper procedure. Obviously you can't just let the evening go to pieces at that point. The two rather unsocial hours in the enforced silence of the theatre demand a climax of

THREE A. M. **And on and on and on—"We'll see it through to the bitter end"**

Good Evening

IF THE CINEMA IS AT ONE END OF THE HOUR GLASS AND A LEISURELY DINNER AT THE OTHER

some sort—full of chatter, and cocktails, and cigarettes. And so, off to the nearest speakeasy. Time passes, the hour grows late—the smoke gets thicker, the conversation grows duller, and everybody adopts their "We'll see this thing through to the bitter end" attitude. Nobody will strike a party when it's down—it's against all precedent. And so, we don't get home until morning.

But we were never given to carping without some bright constructive suggestion. We've just been going on this way because we want to make our Bright Idea seem brighter by contrast. Now that we've dragged you wearily through the dinner-cinema-speakeasy sort of evening (and you're probably so many limp rags just from hearing about it) we'd like to suggest a Way Out. We didn't really think it all up ourselves. They've been doing it in Sweden for years, but few people have taken the idea to heart over here.

We suggest going to the movies first—say at five-thirty or so, leaving plenty of time to get in from the country, or out from the concert, or down from the job. Or, instead of the movies, you may prefer to go bowling. In either case the cocktail hour is likely to find theatres and alleys so uncrowded that you could almost imagine you were giving a private party.

Then dinner at half past eight—a mellow civilized hour. By that time you've acquired a fine upstanding appetite, and you can linger over the meal in the leisurely way that every really good dinner deserves. No movie hanging heavy, heavy over your head, to hurry you, and plenty of time to brush up your dinner table conversation. An important point too, now that we've taken up the old-fashioned art of talking again.

It is well, while we're at it, to suggest that a dinner be planned which doesn't have to be served on the dot—say grapefruit and fricassee chicken (a hearty meal) with celery roots and tomato jelly, and a grand lemon souffle that isn't started until the beginning of the second course.

By ten you've arrived at the coffee, and the problem of what to do next. The Lilies of the Field may want to start a little bridge, or backgammon, or baccarat. Those who are planning a tomorrow of bright and early toiling and spinning may prefer to go home early. And the advantage of all this is—it's a perfectly good hour to do either gracefully.



FIVE-THIRTY—NEW PLAN Why not go to the movies now with plenty of time to get in from the country or down from the office



EIGHT-THIRTY A mellow civilized hour for dinner when you can linger over the meal in the leisurely way that every really good dinner deserves

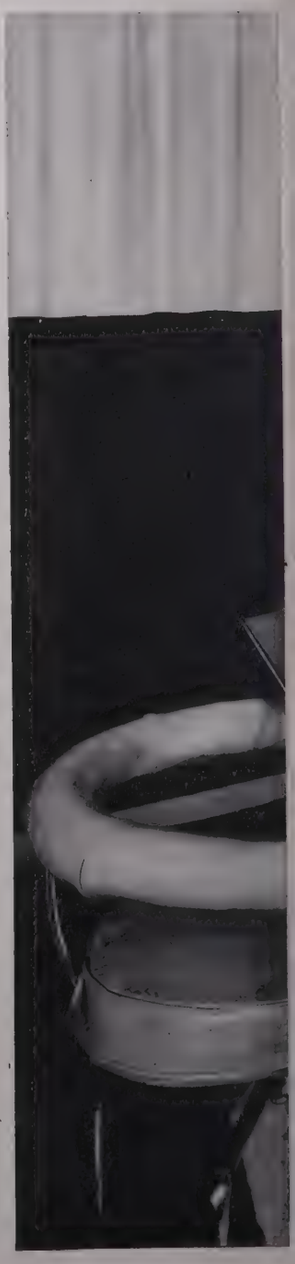


TEN O'CLOCK Home if you like, or bridge or a little of the old-fashioned art of talking



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONNABLE





Spaciousness and comfort meet in Mr. George R. Dyer's apartment

A silver-gray carpet and walls give added space to the already spacious living room. The walls and ceilings of the alcove are of silver leaf. Linen cushions ranging from orange to yellow contrast with the violet, green and gray of the draperies

The fireplace is faced in black glass with a border of beetle-green wood and formica; the andirons are chromium and crystal. LeCorbusier designed the green canvas-and-leather lounging chairs and bakelite and chromium desk; accessories are white

GOOD MODERN BACHELOR

BY HARRIET VON SCHMIDT

WHEN a bachelor decides to scrap a perfectly comfortable Georgian apartment and go modern, the result may be either a contemporary interpretation of dignity and hospitality as authentic as that of its eighteenth century predecessor, or merely an attempt at the so-called modernistic. The result of Mr. George R. Dyer's experiment with his apartment was the former.

Mr. Dyer began by seeking an apartment with interior architecture which would lend itself easily to modern treatment. He discovered this in the three-story penthouse of Two Beekman Place. Next to be found was an interior decorator in sympathy with his belief that functional form provides the starting point for a scheme of contemporary decoration. The S. P. R. Galleries, with Emlen Etting collaborating, proved a satisfactory ally.

As Mr. Dyer spends much of his time traveling abroad, guests are frequent during the months he lives in New York. Perhaps the gatherings most enjoyed by Mr. Dyer and his friends are the informal concerts by young modern composers, around which the studio was designed.

Exclusive of its service quarters, the penthouse consists of six rooms: a living room and dining room on the first floor; a study and two bedrooms with adjoining baths on the second, and a studio on the third. The study is the

The clear and forthright quality of the decoration in the dining room was achieved by the bold use of contrast and shining surfaces. The china white and jet black of the rug are repeated in the glazed Salubra walls, draperies and the accessories. LeCorbusier designed the comfortable swivel chairs, upholstered in bright Chinese red





The studio where Mr. Dyer composes is built around the grand piano. The use of tone against tone, and many textures, gives a subtle variation to the room. Three shades of brown grass cloth were used for the walls. The long windows, hung with natural Shantung silk, have a single drapery of dark brown suède cloth. The large pillows are covered in two tones of vermillion and beige corduroy

In the guest room, white and gold lattice wall-paper and a gun-metal rug make a background for the blended shades of flame, vermillion and pale geranium of the furniture and draperies. White chenille bedspreads, and Venetian blinds make a cool field of contrast for the play of brilliant color. The accessories here are white

only traditional room. Yet even here the soft golds, blues and greens of the rug, draperies and upholstery, which so successfully create a mellow atmosphere for Georgian and Chinoise pieces, are of modern weave and texture. Wide terraces completely surrounding each floor add to the spaciousness and freedom which is one of the apartment's most characteristic features. The sweeping panorama of the East River and the city, available from all sides of the penthouse, was not sacrificed to elaborate curtaining. In some rooms only draperies and Venetian blinds were used. For the other rooms there were tailored silk curtains which look equally well when they frame the windows or when they are closed.

Much has been made of modern materials, sincerely used. There are long windows hung with folds of Shantung silk, walls covered with grass cloth striped horizontally in three tones of brown, andirons of chromium and crystal. Inhibitions and precedents were thrown aside when the colors for these rooms were chosen; sharp china white meets jet black in one rug, flame and pale geranium-red furniture finds its foil in another, which is a gun-metal tone. White porcelain accessories on bakelite and formica tables furnish further color contrast.



Bold simple lines and subtly related colors make for harmony in the home of a contemporary musician



The studio

The guest room





A triangle of very earnest Scotties, by Margaret Kirmse, famous dog artist, pose for the judges in the bronze class. They were entered by Mrs. Charles S. McVeigh

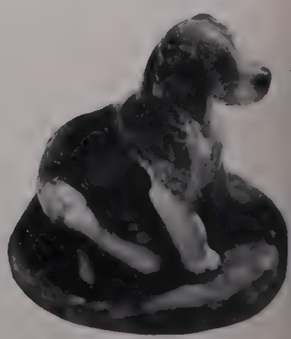
BENCH SHOW

Mutt and canine aristocrat rub sculptured noses in an exhibition where model dog meets model dog for sweet charity's sake

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLINE WHITING



The three frail ladies and the puzzled canine gentleman of "The Judgment of Paris" group above are of old Bristol glass quite as delicate as the situation they depict. They were entered by Mrs. Ogden Armour. The entries from the personality class at the side are owned by Miss Lucy T. Aldrich, Mrs. Charles M. Connfelt, Miss Genevieve Brady, Mrs. Grafton H. Pyne, two pups, Miss Virginia Bogart, Miss Marne Lloyd Smith and Master John W. Straus





There were no yelps, no bedlam-let-loose at this dog show—no canine hysterics, no temperament, no growled insults hurled from box to box. It was all on the quiet side, for as we have said they were "model" dogs—china, glass, bronze, what-not. Everybody seems to have a favorite among these pups of the mineral kingdom. And so when it was decided to hold a contest recently at the Ackerman Galleries for the benefit of the Social Service of the Baby Ward of the Post Graduate Hospital and Medical School, scores of dogs of high and low degree competed for both "points" and personality.

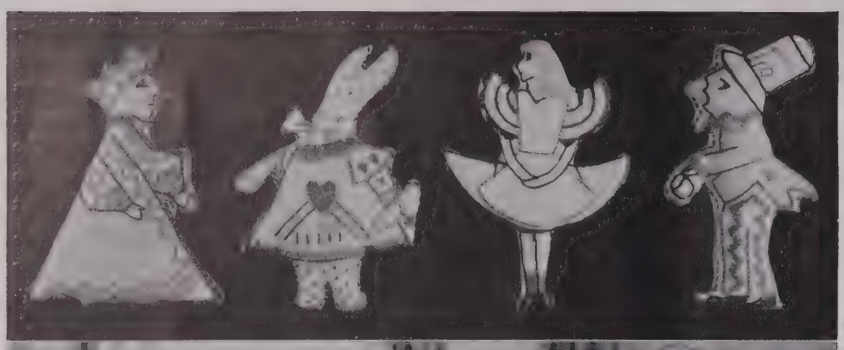
No owner was harassed with worry as to whether his entry would "show" well or turn prima donna on him. But aside from these details the event was conducted as much like a real live bench show as possible, even to having several famous dog show judges pick the winners. The entries were divided into four classes,—old porcelain, modern porcelain, bronzes and novelty dogs. Mrs. David Wagstaff, Mr. Harry Peters, Jr., and Mr. Harry I. Caesar were the three judges; and Mrs. John H. Inman, chairman of the committee of patrons and patronesses, directed the show

Lithe and symmetrical, the porcelain greyhound entered by Mrs. Lawrence B. Smith was blue ribbon dog of the whole show with the Copenhagen porcelain bloodhound of Mrs. Hernand Behn a runner-up. The quaint fellow beside the hound is a copy of an original made in the Royal Meissen Chinese factory and belongs to Mrs. Otto Goetze. The three porcelain pups below were done by Aline Ellis, of England. The Springer Spaniel puppy was awarded first prize in his group and is owned by Mr. George deF. Lord, the Harrier is Mr. Charles U. Caesar's, and the terrier, the second prize winner, belongs to Mrs. William Baylis





Footnotes to King Solomon



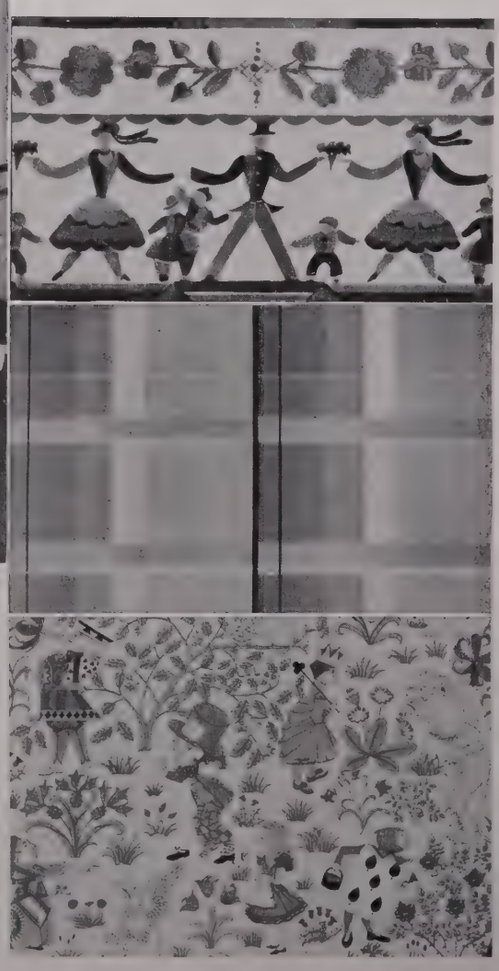


PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLINE WHITING

Footnote 1: A nursery equipped to meet the hazards of horticulture, or whatever bright young minds devise. The bent metal chairs and table are from Thonet Bros. and the linoleum, blue to match, from Armstrong Cork Company. The animal border may be inlaid or painted on. Window box and watering can, from The Playroom; garden tools and doll, Schwarz; wagon, Educational Playthings; plants, Goldfarb; setting, Hearthstone Furniture Co.

Footnote 2: Alice in Wonderland and her friends make their appearance in the dual rôle of cushions and rag dolls. They are about a foot high, made out of gingham sewed in bright wool. Alice Starr

Footnote 3: Dancing children on a new imported print with strips of gay orange and green embroidery between. **Footnote 4:** A Swedish imported wallpaper in blue and beige plaid is also washable. **Footnote 5:** Alice bobs up again in a washable and sunfast chintz based on the Tenniel illustrations. Fabrics and wallpaper are from Alice Starr



THE AIM IN DESIGNING PLAYROOMS TODAY IS TO SPARE THE ROD BUT NOT TO SPOIL THE CHILD

SINCE child psychology came in and King Solomon went out, one dares not generalize openly about the young and their ways—not unless there are several letters after one's name. So we only venture a few footnotes to the already imposing amount of material on the subject. The footnotes seem exciting enough, however, to our unscientific eye. For instance, we have here Alice in Wonderland, the eternal Alice, in two new guises. She and her companions appear as cushions, and also on sunfast and washable chintz. Wallpapers have gone washable too, and linoleum floors take the spills well. Bookshelves and toy cupboards divulge modernistic tendencies, and miniature chairs are of bent metal.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BONNEY

Footnotes 6 and 7: A word from Paris: two ingenious lamps, painted wood figures of a Directoire girl and oriental black boy, both from Primavera, Printemps, in Paris; and an amusing robin's egg blue dressing table with a round painted chair for a small lady who suddenly wants to be grown-up

Footnote 8: Bookshelves, with their capacious toy cupboard beneath, and their slightly modernistic lines, give character to the window of this little girl's room. They are painted pale gray, and the washable Salubra wallpaper has a gray ground and orange and green pattern. The draped voile window curtains repeat the green note and the desk chair is cushioned in orange fabrikoid. Alice Starr, decorator





From Pinafores

The school of black and white fish which has assembled on this chintz may be a little unfamiliar to the strictly marine eye, but they know their business when it comes to brightening up the outlook of a seashore house or cabaña. The bubbly sea which makes the background is yellow, with green coral waving through it. Howard and Schaffer have this chintz. The loosely woven cotton homespun beside the aquatic print has enough variety in its texture to give the added value of light and shade to its colors. Lord and Taylor has this in leaf green, rust, white, and yellow. It is good for hard wear, and is not expensive. Next to it is a non-tarnishable aluminum cloth, best adapted to use for formal over-draperies and for furniture covering in a strictly modern interior. This is one of the many new metallic-finish fabrics. From the Colwell Company



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

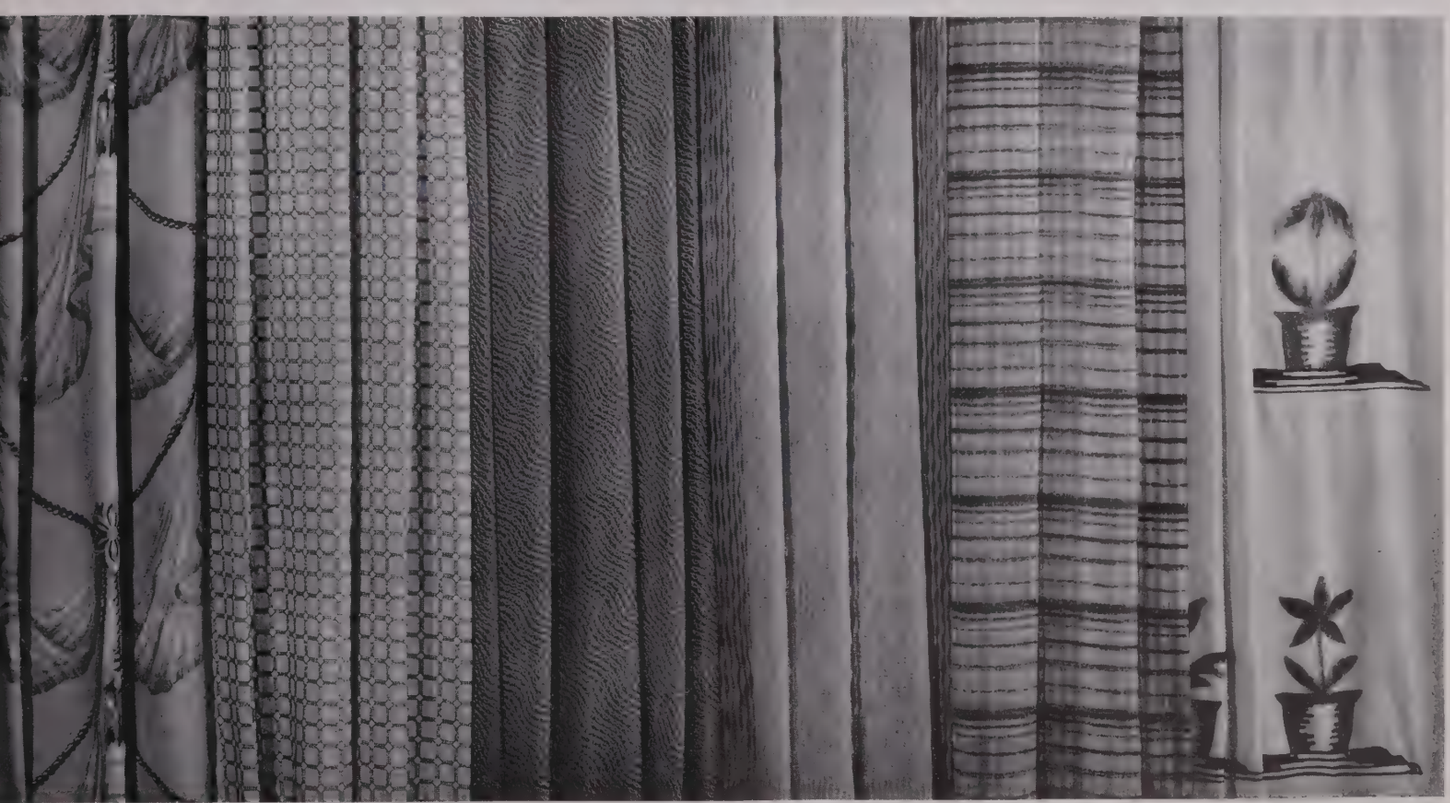
Above are two members of the family of modern plaids. The first, a very large pattern, introduces cotton moire as a new slip covering. The one shown has definite green and mulberry stripes fading out on a gold ground. It comes in other rich colors. Its neighbor is a crisp plaid cotton in orange and green, ready to replace the conventional striped linen so long accepted for slip covers. It is made up in other colors, too. J. H. Thorp. The fabric at the extreme right is particularly adapted to the country house. It is a tub-fast art silk, striped horizontally in gold, green, red and tan. This serge weave lends itself to deep folds. Orinoka Mills

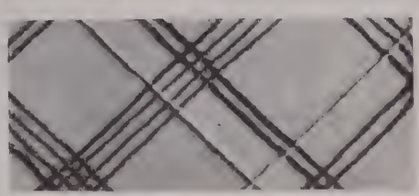
There is something charming and quaint about draperies printed on draperies, especially if they are done with elegant festoons and cords and tassels, in soft blue on greyish beige, as the first fabric on the opposite page happens to be. And since this has turned out to be one of the season's most popular fabrics, Johnson & Faulkner have reproduced it in nine different color combinations. The semi-glazed chintz next to it is white, machine-embroidered with checks of red, coral, green or eggplant, and may be used for either draperies or coverings. Stroheim & Romann

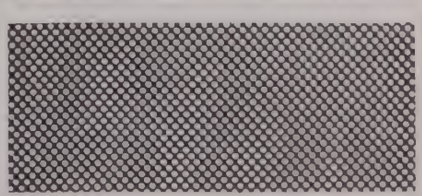
To Summer Curtains

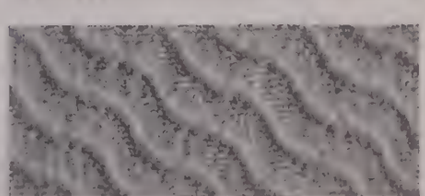
SMART WINDOW HANGINGS AND DRESSES WILL BE CUT FROM THE SAME BOLT THIS SPRING

WINDOWS are emerging this spring from the chrysalis stage of sober winter hangings with more than hue to recommend them to the summer. For imaginative designers have discovered at last that the crisp, diaphanous organdies and gentle pastel voiles which make feminine loveliness irresistible in summer can do the same sort of things for rooms. Plaids are running wild; I dare you to find a weave that can't be had in plaids. They have a way of being supremely sophisticated, or very demure. The best stripes now move around the room instead of up and down it. Then there are familiar things put to unexpected uses: aluminum comes out of the kitchen to make a very modern metallic cloth for formal draperies and furniture coverings—sharply striped bed ticking hangs at broad windows—cork and cellophane are bought by the yard—and awnings have come indoors.









The darkest fabric in the row above is a Contempora voile designed by Sylvia Krasnow. It is in red and white, and makes the daintiest of curtains and bedspreads for country houses. It comes in other colors. Beside it is a crinkled organdy, just as good this season for curtains and bedspreads as for dresses. In pale blue, or peach, or maize or mauve, and trimmed with dainty ruffles, it makes very important-looking furbelows for a summer room. Next, another organdy, striped in yellow and green and red. These are from McCutcheon's. The yellow linen casement curtains embroidered with flowerpots would be colorful used next to dark woods. Willich-Franke Studios Crinkled muslin, with candlewick embroidery, has been familiar since Colonial days for bedspreads, but it remained for Spring 1933 to make it a drapery material. Altman's have this in brown and beige on yellow, and in three shades of green, blue, rose and orchid, in large broken plaids. The red and white chintz with tiny polka dots is a new Waverley fabric that may be used for either curtains or slip covers. When it is used for the latter purpose, a narrow cotton fringe is inserted in the seams in place of welting. F. Schumacher. At the bottom of the page is a diagonal cotton frieze, white, beige, or green, smart for hangings and upholstery. Lehman & Connor



A GREAT STYLE BEGINS

After Maintenon and before du Barry, when the Régence was as young as the Dauphin himself, this room was built. Of rare perfection, it was taken from a mansion at Lannion, France, the residence of the Duc d'Aiguillon, who was Minister of Louis XV during the middle of the eighteenth century, and later Governor of Brittany. The polished walls of chestnut are exquisitely carved and the window hangings are of antique lampas in gold and green. The commode and the side chairs and other antique Regency pieces used in this room are exceptionally fine. This photograph is by courtesy of Carson Pirie Scott and Company

Chez Vous in France

LITTLE HOUSES AND GREAT HOUSES ON THE SIDE ROADS OF FRANCE, WITH FOOTNOTES FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE

By WILLIAM B. POWELL

PERHAPS you're one who has no patience with France's attitude on her war debts, but the pictures of the tiny old villa on the next page may arouse your nostalgia for the dear France that eventually wins you in spite of the occasional fits of pique she may inspire. And you'll love her more than ever this year when you discover (if you haven't done so already) that you can live there like a prince on the income of a pauper (an American pauper!).

In case you haven't realized what la belle France is offering in the way of a design for living for reduced budgets, I'm going to give you some notes which I have gleaned that may make you pause to consider seriously taking up a summer residence in the French countryside.

For, though the French people themselves have plenty of money today, with the rate of exchange as it is, life on the whole in France is cheap even for America's new poor. With only a few hundred dollars for vacation, the summer may be one of charm—and even luxury—in almost any spot in France.

Perhaps you would like to settle down in the environs of the French capital for the summer. Paris itself is apt to be pretty hot in July and August and, even though you will probably like to pop into town for an occasional day when you can see your cronies at the Ritz Bar, go to a gala at the Château Madrid, ending up your spree at Brick Top's, such giddy goings-on pall if taken in daily doses. After one or two such hectic days, you welcome speeding out through the Porte and eventually achieving the lush quiet of the walled-in garden of your own villa.

I know of one little house, five minutes' walk from the Chantilly station. It is near the golf course and not fifteen minutes from the old château. On the first floor are a combination living and dining room, kitchen, and maid's room. There is a bathroom on the landing, and two bedrooms upstairs. But there are also two guest rooms over the garage, and the price for all this—furniture included—is two hundred and fifty dollars a year. I imagine by a little wangling you could get it for thirty dollars a month during the summer.

Do you know the fascinating town of Senlis, twenty-five miles outside of Paris? If you're merely motoring through, you may wonder why I've called it fascinating. But you will agree with me once you've found your way about. The capital of the Ile de France, Senlis is rich in old-world charm and quiet, quiet because there are no industries there. Hans Kindler "discovered" it six or seven years ago—I mean as far as the new colony which has established itself there is concerned. Since then the Louis Bromfields have settled there, likewise Samuel Chamberlain, the etcher, the Ridgeley Carters, and William Francis. There are many delightful small villas to be had in Senlis, but if you can go up to a thousand dollars a year as a maximum for rent (and I'm sure you can get it for less than this amount), you may have a marvelous old place which is all a French château





Yellow stucco, bougainvillea and the blue Mediterranean —Hans Waegen at his villa

should be. It belongs to the Comtesse de Bellegarde and has been in her family (which is related to the Balsans) for generations. As the Comtesse takes you around the place, you have a feeling you're living in another generation, while she casually mentions that this or that belonged to Madame Pompadour or some other equally famous (but probably less notorious) personage.

But if your idea of summering in France is to toast yourself to a rich brown and enjoy the varied life which the Riviera offers, you can do that, too, and still not endanger the budget. Peggy Wood, for example, regaled me with tales of the villa she rented at Cagnes-sur-Mer. She paid eight hundred francs (thirty-two dollars) a month, for a most attractive *(Continued on page 62)*

The guest house of Madame Pompadour

This tiny villa—some four hundred years old—in the hamlet of Les Gressets, St. Cloud, which is supposed once to have housed the overflow guests from the Pompadour estate across from it, is now owned by Mrs. Holland Stokeley Reavis of New York and Paris





PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF RUTH BROWN PARK

The old well, whose waters in days past were noted for their curative properties, is guarded by a frog—an exact copy of *La Grenouille Amoureuse* of Blois. Pear trees fashioned in the shape of cathedral candles, tree roses of red, white and pink, still bloom in the garden—it is easy to imagine on moonlight nights that ghosts of the past still walk here





WHETHER IT RAINS OR NOT

Gadget designers now take a turn at helping meet the aquatic needs of the gardener

WATER is the unknown dimension of gardening.

Soil is fairly dependable: there is just so much of it, and, barring dust storms, it stays about where you left it the last time you took a dig at it. But you never can tell about water—some days you need more, and some less, but you are forever needing it. Gadget designers have finally put their minds to the problem of getting water to places where it isn't. Faucets, for example, which used to be the most ordinary sort of utilitarian objects, have been spruced up in polished brass; an inquiring Scottie or a frisking mouse or a faun will make your garden hose his business this summer. For flowers so fragile that they leave the plant unwillingly, and need to be popped right into water, there is a convenient tin picking vase attached to a split white oak basket. A new gallon siphon watering can will save backs and precious vases from being broken while water is being changed—the stale water is siphoned off into one compartment and fresh water siphoned into the vase from the other.



The siphon watering can is from Hammacher Schlemmer; the basket and shears which do not let flowers fall after cutting, from Lewis & Conger. Faucets from Pitt Petri. Among the plant markers, a raffia zebra, elephant and Turk, a bird and tiny house, hail from Mitteldorfer Straus, a green bronze rooster and a rabbit from Pitt Petri



Setting for an Italian holiday, which can be grand or quaint or literary, as you may prefer

PORTO-FINO *by the* SEA

BY DOUGLASS MORSE HOWELL

WITHIN the long curved arm of the promontory of Portofino, humped like a camel lies the Gulf of Tigullio. It is encircled by a coast-line full of indentations forming little bays wherein are situated small towns and groups of houses. A narrow road skirts the Gulf among moss and weed sprayed rocks of volcanic formation, while on the hills, pink and white villas show themselves among tall cypresses and olive trees.

Coming from Genoa, after having passed through Recco, the road climbs steadily, giving an ever increasing panorama of the sea and the cliffs of Portofino, which on this side are very steep and thickly covered with greens. At Ruta one passes through a brief tunnel which opens up to a beautiful vista.

The whole Gulf of Tigullio lies spread below. At a glance one takes in the towns, the mounting hills, and the blue Mediterranean with a sail here and there. Santa Margherita lies at your feet. A little farther on is Rapallo. Chiavari, in the distance, appears under a slight sun haze, while the shore line along Portofino itself remains distinctly sculptured from the water. Descending along a road of many turns you cannot but mar-



vel at the beauty of the scene before you, a scene ever increasing with new wonders and new colors. One passes houses in pastel shades, surrounded by gardens of mimosa, climbing geraniums, hyacinths, carnations and roses. A castle here and there looms up, green with ivy or mauve with wisteria, its walls and buttresses, a natural gray, revealing their thickness and resistance to time. The hills are covered with silver groves of olive trees among which are hidden away the gray stone houses of the peasants. Firs and parasol pines are etched against a sky as blue as the waters of the Gulf.

Santa Margherita is a town to paint with water colors. Orange trees line the streets and palms stretch their leaves upward in curves that would make a student of architecture envious. The houses have not been planned with a ruler, but follow zig-zag streets and are quaint. Small cafés line the waterfront, where you may sip your tea or eat your ice. Men in white flannels; women in gay clothes or modern pajamas with parasols; bronzed children in bathing suits; all walk or scamper along the promenades.

On the beach sit old fishermen mending their nets. True types with characteristic faces: the hooked nose, the eagle eye and brown parchment-like skin. These fishermen are descendants of the Ligurians, most dangerous pirates ever to harass the towns along the Mediterranean coast.

The road towards Rapallo winds among sumptuous private residences and grand hotels, the whole shaded by tall branching trees, under which are laid out rock gardens with meandering paths. At times terraces with marble balustrades line the way.

The town is also a nest of the literati. The most surprising thing on the square is a statue of Ezra Pound, done by Gaudier Brzeska. The poet lives here, and if you meet him, he will modestly say: "Oh, it's too heavy to be hauled upstairs." No wonder—if he did try to take it up the six floors where he lives, there would be no house left.

Here lives Max Beerbohm, the dramatic critic, who owns his white villa on top of a hill. William B. Yeats has his home with its Burne-Jones, its walls of Blake's inspired designs, stage settings of Gordon Craig, ancient books and rare old furniture. Sem Benelli, author of "The Geste," has a towering castle of somewhat rude architecture, overlooking the hamlet of Zoagli. Besides these are Gerhart Hauptmann, Respighi, Emil Ludwig, Fritz von Unruh, poet, and *(Continued on page 60)*

High up on the side of this promontory is Castle Mumm, where the ex-Kaiser was often a guest. From Portofino Vetta, top of the camel's hump, a panorama spreads out before the eye, embracing the whole of the southern shore

A highlight on the Italian Riviera, showing the former home of Lady Carnarvon, now the estate of her American daughter-in-law. A winding road, close to the blue waters of the Gulf, is the beautiful approach to this home



KALEIDOSCOPE OF PARIS

BY JANET FLANNER

EVERY so often the circuses of Paris flicker back into the center of the limelight, because the intellectuals discover that the cinemas have just ruined them, or the bourgeois find that for a long time they have been so prosperous that no one can get a dangerous ring-side seat for love or money. Both the intellectual and the bourgeois are, in turn, right, since Paris circuses are a special affair. The two most famous Parisian *pistes*—the Cirque Medrano and the Cirque d'Hiver, regularly alternate between empty benches and cues of fashionable appreciators. In either case, the momentary star is to blame. Americans may go to Barnum & Bailey for three vast rings and one hundred impersonal thrills. Parisians go to the circus for its single intimate circle and because of one individual attraction. As a rule the attraction must be male, handsome, a hero who is not afraid to work without a net, and if it can be managed, a foreigner, since the exotic continues fashionable among the smart patriotic French.

The most recent popular individual circus figure in Paris has been the picturesque tight-wire artist, Colleano, who for the beauty of his facial coloring and matador costumes has been likened to early canvases of Murillo; whose poses in the air have been compared to the Goya sketches in the Prado, and about whom, generally, a lot of aesthetic nonsense has been evoked, most of it perfectly justified.

Colleano is one of three circus stars who in the last few years have attracted the snobbish quality-crowd which ordinarily spends its evenings watching the Guitrys or listening to Markiewitch's latest piano concerto. Two of these three favored performers are Anglo-Saxon, Colleano being an Australian with an English accent and Irish and Spanish ancestry. The other is the prodigious Barbette, female impersonator and slack-wire specialist, whose real name is Broodway, who was formerly a Texas cow-boy and whose fancier dresses were designed for him by the house of Redfern. The third of this precious trio was the juggler, Rastelli, who was an Italian and is now regarded as an immortal, having been killed last year.

However such performers may rank in New York vaudeville as mere technical heads of their difficult and dangerous professions,—most of their rivals would give an eye to duplicate Barbette's perilous "angel's-fall" or Colleano's famous forward somersault, which would cost them, in addition, a broken neck at least—in Paris they are regarded frankly as art objects. It is the occasional glimpse of their dangerous daintiness which, far more than the tricks of the performing elephants or horses dressed as Mistinguett, holds the Parisian circuses together, which furnishes the sense of drama lacking in the tame French theatre today, and duplicates the sense of modern irreality oftenest found in German or Russian films whose passionate popularity will, as the intellectuals suspect, probably murder the international clowns and acrobats, after all.

One of the most picturesque and nourishing characters of artistic Montparnasse has just disappeared. Rosalie, the cross old Italian restaurant-keeper whose hot soups, for breakfast, whose "bifteks," and above all whose repartée, fed painters like Modigliani, Matisse, Utrillo, Pascin, Picasso and Foujita, in their early poor days, has just died at Cagnes-sur-Mer at the age of 77, "still phosphorescent, enthusiastic and joyful," according to her son who sent out the official mourning announcement. Certainly Rosalie's artistic souvenirs were exceptional. She had a weakness for painters because "often they had fine souls and noble hands" and especially because they licked their plates clean. (Rosalie wouldn't cook twice for anybody who left anything on the platter; she said he wasn't worth the trouble.) Of all the founders of modern art, Modigliani was her favorite, when he was so poor that he slept in vacant lots with his drawings rolled for a pillow under his head,

Van Dongen, Foujita, Picasso, and the Circus

Colleano, circus star and wire dancer, whose likeness in coloring and costume to Goya's famous sketches have made him a vogue in Paris



and when he was still so handsome all the models posed for nothing. To pay her for his food he finally gave her a lot of his paintings, against her will; she thought them hideous. After he was dead and famous, she tried to sell them but the rats had eaten all but one.

Foujita, according to her, had deft hands for helping her string the beans but was an exceptionally poor one at paying cash. She used to scold Utrillo for drinking too much, threaten to tell his mother, Suzanne Valladon, where she had seen him the night before, and refuse to lend him either two francs, or even one, on his paintings. To settle his debts he finally painted one of his famous street-scenes on her restaurant wall. Recently some Americans bought it, wall and all—she thought them fools. For if Rosalie admired painters, she detested paintings, *(Continued on page 56)*

are shifting facets of the Paris spring

"Le Diplomate Noir" is at the Jeu de Paume show. Van Dongen does for fashionable Paris what Boldini did a generation ago





"Friendship," by Foujita, at the Contemporary International Show. Foujita is the most popular Japanese artist in Paris, his allegorical and Occidental nudes growing more muscular



"Anatomy," a photographic study by Man Ray, featured in his exhibition at the Vignon Gallery. It is in such honest, intelligent studies as this that his sense of *métier* is at its best

Broadway to Date



VANDAMM

"Forsaking All Others"

Katharine Cornell rises above her play, and Peggy Wood and Tallulah Bankhead come back again to a jocund welcome from the home folks

By Benjamin DeCasseres

"GIVE me that gun." It is the third act of Sidney Howard's new play, "Alien Corn." *Elsa Brandt*—that is, Katharine Cornell—is begging *Julian Vardaman*, a crudely-conceived neurotic instructor in Conway College, not to shoot the handsome young boss of the college, who has called on her late at night. The way that Miss Cornell utters those words would stamp her as a great mistress of verbal magic alone if she had nothing else to recommend her. She wants to save this crazy young man from murder and suicide, and she pours into those four words all the tears, compassion, fear and heart-pleading that is in her. No actress on the stage is capable of such poignancy, such emotional honesty, nor is there one who can embody the Tragic Muse with such frightful vividness as Miss Cornell. And as her hands reach out pleadingly from the sofa where she is sitting, the light from the fireplace falling on her, and those words—"give me that gun"—are uttered, one feels the great beauty of a fleeting moment in an otherwise mediocre play.

Miss Cornell has the part of a pianist who believes she has genius. She is of German birth and has arrived after many vicissitudes as instructress in music in a small privately owned Mid-Western college. She has depending on her a father, a raucous old German, who was a famous European artist in his day. *Elsa* wants to get back to Berlin or Vienna—and here lies the weakness and sterility of the play. The whole college is worked up over *Elsa's* passionate desire to go back to Europe, but the importance of the action is not adequate to the theme. Tremendous dramatic machinery and emotional hokum are used to inflate something of no importance. There is much ado about nothing. Mr. Howard has painted a gaudy shell around a vacuum.

Elsa has, almost, an affair with the richest husband in town, the boss of the college. But after the young instructor's suicide she abandons Eros in favor of Music.

Elsa is thinly conceived. She keeps the college in an uproar over her genius and her nostalgia for Europe, aided and abetted by the guttural snorting of Siegfried Rumann as her father. The rôle is not big enough for

The sorrowful legend of the lady jilted at the church door is spiced by Miss Tallulah Bankhead in "Forsaking All Others," with Miss Ilka Chase as the saturnine but oh-so-well turned out maid of honor



Gertrude Lawrence



TWO PHOTOGRAPHS PAUL TANQUERAY

June, Lady Inverclyde

"A Saturday Night"



WHITE STUDIOS

The back from England movement initiated by Miss Tallulah Bankhead and Miss Wood gains impetus with the promise of Miss Gertrude Lawrence to give us Noel Coward's new "Words and Music," and the coming to our shores of June, Lady Inverclyde

the actress. Mr. Howard's *Elsa* as a tragic character is pure fake. It is epical twaddle. Miss Cornell squeezes every ounce out of it, but *Elizabeth Barrett* still remains her best rôle. I should like to see her as *Lady Macbeth,* or *Electra,* or as *Laura* in Strindberg's "The Father." She has heights before her.

There is a cluster of varying recognizable college types in "Alien Corn," nearly all of whom have nothing much to do with the theme. They are time-killers and padders. James Rennie was the horsey Babbitt whom *Elsa* almost loved, and Luther Adler was the ridiculous pistol-shooting instructor who finally had the decency to commit suicide.

A SATURDAY NIGHT

Peggy Wood, fresh from her English triumphs, and beautiful as an orchid, comes back to us. And, in "A Saturday Night," Owen Davis, the hero of a thousand and one plays, has written a refreshingly normal, sane and quite everyday comedy of domestic life for her.

Mr. Davis has taken a middle-class New York family and dug pretty keenly down to the substratum of their big and little troubles. Nothing Ibsenish or Strindbergian comes out of the concoction—which is a relief—but what does remain after three acts is much laughter and a feeling that among all the Broadway dramatic truck here is one honest job done by a man who knows the play game.

The action of this play takes place between 7:30 and 11:30 P.M. Of the Langdon household—father, mother, a young daughter *(Continued on page 58)*

The woes of women are not over even if the bridegroom turns up, is the theme with which Miss Peggy Wood pulls the heart strings in "A Saturday Night," which concerns itself with marriage in the forties



This cherry tree which grows in the garden of Robert Tebbs, at Plainfield, N. J., is so graceful that one could fancy it leaning over an ancient Japanese pool

Common or Garden Talk

Observations of an Amateur Gardener

BY GAY YOUNG

A ROSE so tiny that you couldn't see it until the bee got up, if a bee happened to be sitting on it, is included in the collection of small rock plants loaned to the Horticultural Society of New York by the Beacon Hill Garden Nurseries. This famous little plant, *Rosa rouleti*, bears semi-double, deep rose-pink flowers and blooms from April to November. It is a native of the mountains of Switzerland and came to be a treasured rock garden inhabitant of this country through Henri Correvon, who received one of the jewel-like plants as a gift from a colonel in the Swiss army. Other plants in this collection which are in vivid bloom are *Potentilla*, of *Miss Willmont* variety, which somewhat resembles the strawberry plant, its flowers touched with the deep color of peach blooms; the quaint *Houstonia*, or Quaker lady; and *Magus rugosa*, with close-growing purple flowers.

A GOODLY number of people can always be found hovering wistfully about the exhibit of acacia trees at the flower show. Our national attitude toward the acacia is strictly sentimental; we consider it one of the best trees to sigh 'neath, with little idea of its habits or utilitarian uses. But the Bushmen of Australia, where the acacia, or wattle tree, originated, took just the opposite attitude. It was bread and butter for them. The gum and seed of the wattle tree were the most important items of diet, its branches bound together the supports of their mud huts. They made their canoes for fishing from acacia trunks and threw its branches into the water to stupefy the fish so they could catch them. White men were trapped in the forests of those willowy-branched varieties called "Wait-a-Bit" and "Dead Finish" by the natives. Even when these victims attempted to struggle out and walk over the tops of the interlocking branches, they finally fell and were entwined by the treacherous trees.

The late E. H. Wilson claimed that there are 600 known varieties of acacias. They range from dwarf shrubs to trees nearly a hundred feet high. The leaves vary greatly in shape and color—they may be gray or green or purple. The wattle tree has been through a lot in the way of weather and soil conditions, and some varieties will grow in a moisture range of from 10 to 150 inches a year. Hardy, fast-growing, the acacia adapts itself readily to soil and climatic conditions, but never lives long. Its growth in the United States is limited by

temperature only—it does not like a temperature that goes below 20°F. Some varieties bloom in the very early spring, others bloom in late fall, some bloom several times a year, and some the year around.

THE USE of flexible lead holders for flowers has grown like wildfire, and a number of new ones are being exhibited at the flower show. Those designed by Glenn Gardener, jr., seem to me to have emerged successfully from the experimental stage. I was especially attracted to the one which resembled a lead chrysanthemum, with dozens of lead "petals" to hold your stems just where you want them. Mr. Gardener is showing another gadget which will interest people who have to carry on their horticultural projects in the limited sun-area of city apartments. It is a neat green rack which holds a dozen tiny pots for seedlings or very small plants. There is a convenient handle on the rack so that all dozen pots can be picked up and moved as one.

WHETHER narcissi are being cut for show or for decoration, the white end which grows close to the ground should be left on the plant, for that part of the stem will not absorb water. People who prepare these flowers for shows know that the best time for cutting depends on the variety and the weather, but in general it is safe to leave the trumpets and the *incomparabilis* on the plant until the flowers are well expanded. The highly colored and more delicately colored narcissi need to be cut earlier, just after the neck crooks and the bud bursts. Plunge them into fresh water and set them in a cool room to expand there. In restocking narcissi for next season, look carefully into the sources before you buy. Commercial growers have flooded the American market with very old varieties which are inferior to those developed in recent years. In England more than four thousand different varieties of narcissi are grown, and at their spring shows appear many choice blooms with which we are not familiar here.

TWENTY-FOUR undesirable aliens, bound for American gardens, were recently discovered riding comfortably into the United States, in one small shipment of orchid plants. This insect menagerie wrapped in dry leaves looked innocent enough, but the inspectors of the Department of Agriculture who opened it found that it hived nine species of ants, five kinds of beetles, five species of cockroaches, two moths, one cricket, one predacious bug (who may, by a bit of neighborly grazing *en route*, have reduced the awful total) and an item which the inspectors, after hemming and hawing a few minutes, finally agreed to classify as "one insect living on decayed matter."



Pink anemones arranged by Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, jr.



Mrs. E. Kirk Haskell puts anthurium in a green bottle



An alabaster bowl is used by Mrs. Percival Beresford for a French bouquet. Photographs are from Mrs. Walter R. Hine's "Arrangement of Flowers", Scribner's

THE TRIBUTE of anticipation paid to Mrs. Walter R. Hine's new book on flower arrangement is well deserved. Even with literature on garden subjects lagging breathlessly behind America's sudden zeal for knowing about flowers and what to do with them, so that any authoritative volume on horticultural pursuits around the home is greeted with enthusiasm, such a book as this one is heralded with special fanfare. The publisher has added to Mrs. Hine's practical and pleasantly written "Arrangement of Flowers" a format in harmony with the subject. The soft toned illustrations are a real delight; they include prize-winning arrangements by women who love flowers and have studied their decorative use as a fine art. There are chapters on modernistic arrangements, on the principles of Japanese flower arrangement, on French and Victorian bouquets.

To the interest in modernistic design Mrs. Hine attributes the trend toward strength and purity of line and complete elimination of all unnecessary and confusing detail in flower arrangements. She suggests that the pruning away of branches, leaves and flowerets after a bouquet is in its vase will often bring out the grace and beauty of the more important sprays.

The chapter which includes instructions for cutting and keeping flowers is most interesting. Mrs. Hine advises soaking almost all garden flowers in deep cool water, in a dark place free from drafts before arranging. Here is a sampling of the wealth of practical suggestions she makes on cutting flowers: *(Continued on page 61)*



Unless you were born after the War, you have your feet planted in two eras, like the delightful living-room of Romney Brent. The furnishings are squarely modern, but on the walls the gentle spirits of yesterday take their Nature in the raw. Over the studio bed, Mr. Mullen depicts the picnic "spread" by the lake; above the chaise-longue a wicked game of blindman's buff is in progress; beside the door, a young lady wields her brushes

MORE EMINENT VICTORIANS

They picnic on the walls of the very modern study of that eminent modern, Mr. Romney Brent, actor

The low bookshelves and the built-in couches and tables form a wainscoting around the walls, above which are the delicately drawn drolleries and coquetries of the good old picnic days of yore. Mr. Joseph Mullen who executed the murals selected burnt umber and raw sienna for his colors, warm tones for a study, which pick up the rich browns and reds of the books

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA F. SIMON





It is difficult to say whether our pleasure in this room comes from the humor of the murals themselves, or from our surprise at the happy union of the squarely built modern with the Victorian

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Illustrated at top is the Georgian Living Room . . . the Recamier Love Seats in white damask are directly above . . . at the left is the Backgammon Room.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BUSHNELL LINN

A trio of early American pieces, and yellow curtains tied with perky brown chintz bows, put this corner in good standing for the summer. The low coffee table is fruitwood, and the butterfly table, maple. Flowers and plaids merge in a new chintz-covered love seat. From Lord & Taylor

GOOD PIECES GET TOGETHER

To enliven the corners — and the walls—of the summer house

THE woman who amazed her architect by asking for a house that was all corners had a certain perspicacity of her own. For many a good room has fallen away at the corners. The single pieces may delight a collector's heart, but the social success of the room still depends upon intimate groups of well-related furniture. And now that the old convention of never mixing periods has gone the way of the mustache cup, we may pull our chairs together with the knowledge that mahogany and walnut can be the best of friends and that both will neighbor freely with the fruitwoods. This spring the game of refurbishing the summer house is an unusually pleasant one. For the reproductions of old pieces are better in line than ever before, and even period pieces feel the simplicity of modern design. We recommend the French provincial, the American pine and maple, and the eighteenth century English—in particular a wing chair in white leather.



White leather and mahogany make a Chippendale armchair and breakfront bookcase from Charak's fit candidates for a country house



A "Louisiana" chest, chair and mirror in dull finished apple and cherry woods, for the corner of a Colonial bedroom. Erskine-Danforth

A desk, perhaps by stimulating the imagination as to its contents, contributes a certain animation to a corner. This mahogany kidney desk comes from Robert W. Irwin





ILLUSTRATED is another typical group of fine furniture assembled by Albert Grosfeld. The Directoire chairs have frames of antique ivory and gold with black velvet seats. The table top is of walnut with base of antique ivory. The sideboard is of finely matched violetwood. Your dealer or decorator can tell you how modestly such exquisite furniture is priced by Albert Grosfeld.

Interior, with hand-painted walls, by Miss Olga Stein.

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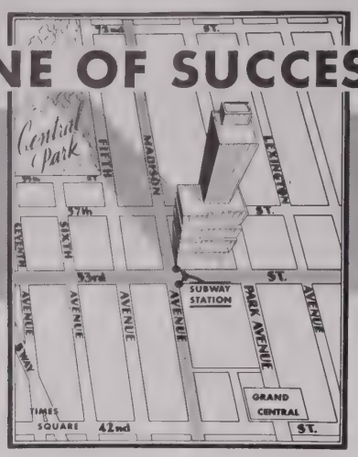
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Souvenir of Aiken

(Continued from page 11)

by the arrival of an unexpected shipment of lobster. And the dances, where the rugs are rolled back and the gramophone brought forth, or a "scratch"—and usually pretty terrible—band imported from Camden or Augusta. Sometimes there are masquerades at the tea house in the Hitchcock woods; on rainy days there are poker and bridge and backgammon.

Polo at Aiken is history, and the long low white stables that stretch over the country house some of the prize ponies of this sport.

Last year there was the pageant to commemorate the game's fiftieth local anniversary—with a parade of coaches and broughams and other vehicles bearing damsels and dowagers in the bouffant silks and brocades of the 'eighties. Even the voluminous riding habits of an earlier day made up in aesthetics what they may have lacked in ease and convenience. The pageant wound up with a feast at Mrs. Macculloch Miller's (the former Flora Whitney, who has bought the Harry Payne Whitney house for her own and intends to become as substantial a pillar of Aiken as was her grandfather). If a celebration is held this year, it may be planned in an hour, and executed in a day and a half.

The golf course with its grass greens, rare in the South, has its great day when the Southern Cross finishes up the tournaments.

There is some beagling, in a mild way. And a little dove driving, and for those who can get up in the morning and out to the tracks there is the breezing of the thoroughbreds. And there is the Horse Show, and the children's horse show, with the girls and boys from Fermata and Aiken Preparatory School giving a sportsman's performance.

The barbecues which follow the trap shooting are not to be missed, with an expert imported to roast the pig, and to see that the celebration is performed with traditional technique. Nor to be forgotten are the moonlight picnics at the Hitchcocks', whose *pièce de résistance* may be either jumballaya or hopping john, two creole dishes whose formulas may be found in Miss Eustis' famous cookbook.

No remembrance of Aiken would be complete that did not include a mention of Wilcox's, the glorified boarding house which is used as an inn by the colony for overflow guests and by visitors who wish to stay for a few weeks without taking a house. Wilcox's is almost a club, so far as admission is concerned, and its patrons enjoy privileges which are denied those of the town's purely commercial hotels. And with the antique shop which has this season been set up within its portals, Aiken habitués have a chance at precious tall-boys and the missing pieces from their sets of Lowestoft.

Kaleidoscope of Paris

(Continued from page 47)

especially those of her. Most of the now expensive modern masters of today tried to sketch portraits of her, after lunch, instead of paying on the nail. "Will my butcher give me beefsteaks for those portraits?" she would roar. (If her butcher were any connoisseur, today he'd give her hundreds of thousands of francs for those portraits.) The men Rosalie fed were great artists. But Rosalie was a very good cook. It was probably an even exchange.

It is particularly ironic that at the moment of her death, some of her favorite boarders are being shown at the Jeu de Paume in what is called an Exposition of the Paris School—entirely composed of foreigners. For it might as well be admitted, Modigliani (Italian), Pascin (American), Picasso (Spanish), Van Dongen (Dutch), Kisling (Polish), plus wonderful wooden portraits by Chana Orloff (Russian) and portraits by Pruna (Madrilene) and an excellent likeness of Max Jacob, the French poet, by the Briton, Christopher Wood, make up the elements of the Parisian school show. (A fine collection of Jacob's *gouaches*, since he supplements writing poetry by painting on the theory that verse can keep no elegant man alive, is now being shown at the Galerie Pierre Colle.) Aside from the astonishment at noting that French art is largely foreign, was the amazement at the new modern comfort in the way of heating, lighting and clean walls which marks the old Jeu de Paume's new installation. With the Salon forced to advertise its expositions as "steam-heated art" in order to attract anyone to its formerly chill halls, there are now in Paris at least two art galleries where picking up a little culture in terms of oil paint and water color is not a hardship.



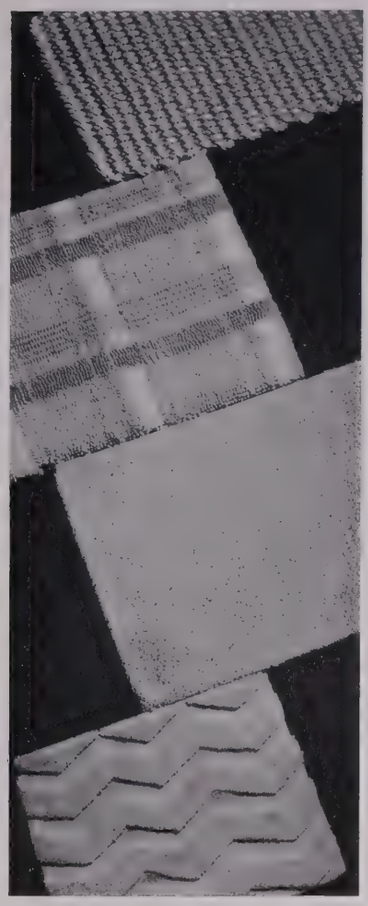
If Summer Comes . . .

(Continued from page 27)

of the summer problem, but that does not mean they are not subject to inspiration. For instance, the suite of brown and chartreuse furniture we have photographed here: the unusual color scheme, the brown formica table top, the brown basket-weave fabric cushions against the chartreuse frame, lift it right out of the ordinary. And again, for instance, the stream-lined effect you'll notice in one of these armchairs.

Chaises longues have gone in for adjustable backs and hoods that make them look like underslung rickshaws. Lurelle Guild designed a garden lounge, with a canopy, which has an adjustable back and arms that come off. A latticed section clamps on one side and turns the lounge into a bench that several people can sit on. This contraption is not shown in the photograph, but it is always there ready for the crowd. The garden lounge has a companion piece, a folding chair also designed by Mr. Guild. It has the same squarish, horizontal effect, and absolutely none of the usual folding chair taint. The rattan chaise longue we have shown is one of a large family, with traits in common, and varying aptitudes. Some have wheels, some have rockers, some have adjustable backs, some are double. You can take your summer relaxation on stripes or plaids or plain colors. We chose this lounge because its buggy top appealed to us. The hood folds back when you want the sun, but for curling up with a good book, we give it our vote of confidence.

And then there are gliders—the one true light has certainly fallen on them. Once, so homespun and so comfortable, they were our secret passion and our esthetic despair. Now we have seen gliders which are only our secret passion. The small wrought iron one with the white permatex wouldn't need to apologize for looks to any seat on earth, and besides it has the magic advantage of being a swing. There are others made of rattan with all the metal gadgets concealed. They don't creak, and on the whole they are well behaved.



Rugs are made from squares of rope, brilliantly colored, imported from Sweden by the Colwell Company. Frances T. Miller has designed a wool rug, in pastel plaids, and below, two designs of the Gotham Carpet Company made from cotton yarn, one looped and uncut, the other sheared in chevron pattern

We had thought there was no more to be said about bars—but it seems there is. The wits have been at them again, and the result is a cocktail cart of rattan with formica top and shelves, and small formica trays that swing out from under the top. They are large enough not only to hold your glass or ash tray, but even the runaway cup and saucer, which according to the funny papers distresses our male population so much. And we found another bar wagon with a claim to fame—it has a serving tray of formica which slips out of the top of the bar like a trap door in a roof.

When a house starts into summer dress, of course one of the first problems is floors and what to do about them. The possibilities range all the way from the bare boards, through a wilderness of cottons, linens, fibres and wools. Or there is even sterner stuff—the rope rugs we mentioned above. The fibres are robust and informal, too, and look particularly well on a sun porch—for instance—the brown and taupe rug with the white rope design painted around the border, or the taupe and green and orange basket-weave motif rug designed by Russel Wright. Pure linen rugs in unusual color mixtures, look well both inside and outside, and like all linen, they wear indefinitely. But it is the cottons this year which show the greatest virtuosity. Everywhere about the house you will be using cottons this summer. Woven rugs, washable and reversible, come in the gayest colors with bright contrasting stripes down the sides instead of the ends. Another cotton rug is made from cotton yarn, looped thickly to make the piling. This same piling may be shorn off at various lengths, to form a pattern. The naïve hooked rug has gone sophisticated, too, and the old technique has been used in a modern way to form a pattern of pastel plaids—beige and orchid with pinkish cast, or beige with pale blue.



Bognor on Patrician

Gay flowers, plucked at random in an old-fashioned garden, and gathered in loose, informal clusters, give the motive for this colorful design in Queensware. The decoration (which is applied under the glaze to insure permanence) is on the *Patrician* shapes, creating a dinner service of unusual character and charm. *Bognor on Patrician* is carried by the leading stores in open stock.

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All sorts of interesting

ZOOLOGICAL MATTERS

are afoot

WINTER'S rains and ruins are over, and it is the time for skipping about a bit, stepping out a little. "The hounds of Spring" are here, the "voice of the turtle is heard in the land". All sorts of interesting zoological matters are afoot. Why shouldn't we humans get into the vernal picture? Surely we are entitled to a little fun in life and surely there is no more fun than going places, seeing delightful people, doing engaging things.

It is the happy business of THE NEW YORKER to take you places, week by week, to keep you in touch with the delightful people, to point out the gay things to do.

As the most zestful of Spring tonics, then, may we suggest a subscription to THE NEW YORKER? Here is a penetrating, wise and witty commentary on the robustious life of the city, a keen-edged critique of all that goes to make life livable, a magazine after your heart.

For you the best new deal of the Spring will be a subscription to THE NEW YORKER for a year, which starts the moment we get your order.



THE NEW YORKER

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Broadway to Date

(Continued from page 49)

of seventeen, a boy and two servants —Jim and Marguerite Langdon are going to celebrate Marguerite's birthday by going to George White's "Scandals." Sally and Ted, the children, are ordered to stay home. The children are rebellious. Sally insists on going out. Ted wants to go to his school-class basketball game. All parents will recognize these ructions.

Other things begin to happen to ruin this Saturday night. Jim Langdon finds that the business post he expected in Paris has gone to another. He gives up the "Scandals" and goes out to forget his troubles. Sally returns home loaded, having been at a speak-easy with a rich rotter. Ted comes home with a sprained ankle. The servants quarrel and Mrs. Langdon is compelled to fire them. And, to cap the climax, an old flame of hers arrives at the top of her troubles, makes love to her and asks her to decamp. This happens in the best middle-class families.

So you can see what a fine Saturday night it is for Marguerite Langdon. Peggy Wood as the mother, the wife and the woman besieged by a lover moves through all her difficulties admirably. She portrays an intensely human and always recognizable being. She has no great love for her Babbitty husband, played excellently by Hugh O'Connell, and yet when the great temptation comes she hears the call of her children.

There is a scene between the wife, the husband and the lover that reminds one of the famous wife-auction scenes in "Candida." Arthur Margetson was a pompous lover. The children were played beautifully by Elizabeth Young and Richard Jack.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Tallulah Bankhead's dominant note is waggery. She has a humor that is all her own. I imagine that, dynamic, flexible and versatile as she is, she needs little directing—she is *à la mode*. She can also be old-fashioned and put on a good cry. She can even turn a hand-spring, which she does very deftly in her new comedy, "Forsaking All Others," a gaily, satiric piece in three acts, by Edward W. Roberts and Frank Morgan Cavett.

This play was made to fit all the Tallulahian pranks, moods and sex skirmishes. As you may also recall, England went sheerly wild over her, and New York bids fair to take her again to its bosom.

There are several highly original and smartly amusing situations in "Forsaking All Others." When Mary Clay (the only Tallulah) turns up with her outfit at the altar to take a husband, until death or divorce or alimony doth part them, she finds that the bridegroom has decamped to marry an old love, one of the indiscretions of his past.

He regrets what he has done quicker than you can shake a stick at a near-beer salesman. He gets a divorce in Mexico, the land of the bull, and in the last act tries to regain his Mary. But Mary turns the tables—a whole speak-easy full of tables.

Everything that my grandma used to consider serious and grave is spoofed in this play. The dialogue runs away from the theme like a ball from a kitten. Sometimes this smarty-smarty stuff gets tiresome. We are all *so* blasé on epigrams and wisecracks—or maybe it's the banking situation—that the ultra-ultra characters in this play overdo the verbal jazz on our brain-pans.

There is an effective company supporting Miss Bankhead. Cora Witherspoon does broad burlesque. The old magician (still young in years), Fred Keating, is Forthright Manliness incarnate. And such spite as Millicent Hanley lays her tongue to! Donald MacDonald is a somewhat stylized actor, but he does his merry bit, too.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Because of the superb direction and penetrating portrayal of character that have always distinguished the work of Leo Bulgakov, James Hagan's play, "One Sunday Afternoon," becomes one of the most entertaining and refreshing comedies of the season. It is a satisfying play —whether in the drinking, the bullying, the love-making, the beer-garden hilarity of the eighteen-nineties or the strongly satiric and deliciously humorous touch at the end when the town dentist is convinced that he has married the right woman after getting a glimpse of how his youthful love had turned out in the course of the destructive years.

Most of the play—which is in two scenes with a prologue and an epilogue—is a flash-back to a romance of twenty years ago—but the sentiment in this play is so mixed with the ironic and the downright funny that it is never nauseous.

Lloyd Nolan either as the small-town dentist or the bully, Biff Grimes, of his youthful days, is superb. He has the gift of character acting. But, all the characters in this play are vital, breathing beings, with blue ribbons for Francesca Bruning, Percy Helton, Mary Holsman and Rankin Mansfielde.

AMERICAN DREAM

Like Marcel Proust, George O'Neil in his "American Dream"—the third production of this season of the Theatre Guild—has given us a study of how an American family went to so-called rack and ruin over a period of nearly three hundred years. Mr. O'Neil's mistake is his attempt to force the audience to believe that this Pingree family is symbolic of the whole American scene —that we are all Pingrees, that we are all spending our lives drinking cocktails, necking one another's wives and uttering ribald and sophisticated nonsense. The indictment of America in this play rings hollow.

But Mr. O'Neil has a bitter tale to tell in three one-act plays. The first two plays are dull and conventional, although spiced with some of

Broadway to Date

the author's choicest poetic plums. The first play is laid in New England in 1650. *Daniel Pingree* revolts against the narrow and brutal Theocratic standards of his family and shakes the roof-tree for other parts. This is the Puritan revolt. The second play, period 1849, shows us *Daniel Pingree*, a descendant of the first *Daniel*, leaving his New England home to go to the gold-diggings in the West. He smells the coming of the machine age and longs for the wide-open spaces where they hang you for stealing a horse. This is the machine revolt.

The play begins to glow and simmer only in the last part (1933). Here, still in the old New England house, the Pingrees are rich. *Daniel Pingree* the fifth or sixth is a Parlor Communist and has assembled about him a modern crowd of writers, professors, bankers, an Indian, a Negro poet, a Communist leader and all the other interesting people who give color to social life today. These moderns are, to me, far more interesting in their sauciest moments than Pingree's Puritan ancestors or the Americans of 1849.

THE EMPEROR JONES

The Metropolitan's new "Emperor Jones" convinces me anew that this is that fine psychological study —with "Strange Interlude" and "Lazarus Laughed" it will survive all that O'Neill has written to date. It has the element of timelessness in it. It is not dated.

The production of the O'Neill drama by the Metropolitan Opera House is the most dramatic and impressive that I have ever seen. Why they play down the dream scene of *Jones'* return to the African slime—the crocodiles and voodoo witchcraft —I do not know. It is, to me, one of the most effective and psychologically important steps in the collapse of the ego of this Pullman porter who made himself King of the bush-Negroes.

But what I did see held me spellbound to my seat. Here were sheer witchery and magic circling around the fine and vital performance of Lawrence Tibbett as *Jones*. This is by far the best thing Mr. Tibbett has yet done. Gilpin's *Jones* was greater—naturally, as Gilpin was a Negro. But Tibbett did it as well, probably, as any white man could have done it.

The music of Louis Gruenberg does not help this colossal drama. "The Emperor Jones" does not need music. The drum-beat is enough, and there was not enough of this in the opera. In this chanting version the insistent note of approaching doom which we get in the ever-nearing and rising beat of the drum is lost in a maze of musical notes that distracts the attention from the great drama being enacted in a human soul frightened to gibbering insanity.

YOSHE KALB

One of the biggest hits ever made in New York is "Yoshe Kalb," by I. J. Singer, presented at Maurice Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theatre, down on Second Avenue, the one authentic European street in New York. "Yoshe Kalb" will soon go into its three hundredth performance and it is still packing them in.

It is a play compounded of all that mystical fantasy, eccentric humor, dramatic emotionalism and seriocomic satanism that make the Jewish people, with the paradoxical Irish, the strangest people in the world. In twenty-six scenes, directed by that master of modern stagecraft, Maurice Schwartz, it tells the story of a curious mystic, a kind of effeminate fool. His love affairs, his clash with the rabbis and his final Cain-like disappearance to take up his wanderings again in the world are quite foreign to the Broadway tempo and the gentile mind. It all touches, however, the very heart of Jewry. It is a legend told as such. The play is not religious, but seems to be a satire by a Jew on Jewry. It is humorous, dramatic, melodramatic, musical and pseudo-mystical. The central character, *Yoshe Kalb*, is a mixture of Dostoievsky's the Idiot, Hamlet and Oscar Wilde. He strolls around, saying very little, dressed in black. As portrayed by Lazar Freed he is one of the most nauseating but strangely haunting characterizations on the current stage.

There are 62 rôles in "Yoshe Kalb," and not one is done poorly. The Jew is naturally an actor. He is a supreme mime and instantaneous in his muscular reactions to all external and internal stimuli. Maurice Schwartz himself played *Reb Melech*, a rabbi. He was splendid.

Mr. Schwartz, who lately had a dinner tendered to him by the theatrical and musical notables of New York as a tribute to his masterly production of this play, is the theatre at its best. I regret only that I do not understand Yiddish, so that I could do the Singer play more justice. But merely to be present at the performance weaves a magic over the auditor—as of something strange, something as far away from wide-awake America as life on Mars.

MELODY

The great success of "Music in the Air"—which I highly recommend, with "Alice in Wonderland," for depression blues—could not fail to inspire our Impresarios of Song to go and do likewise. This aspiration is obviously the motive for "Melody," produced by George White of the sparkling "Scandals," with music by that veteran chef of swooning melodies, Sigmund Romberg. With the book by Edward Childs Carpenter, the lyrics by Irving Caesar, the staging by Bobby Connolly and the settings by Joseph Urban, we should have had something far better.

It starts out with great promise, but gradually gets more and more commonplace and stodgy. Mr. Romberg's music, still melodious and fetching, nevertheless is continually reminiscent of himself in earlier and more spontaneous decades. The story, too, is of an ancient vintage. It stumbles from 1881 to 1933 in

(Continued on page 61)

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Portofino-by-the-Sea

(Continued from page 45)

lesser lights in the various arts.

These artists have jealously entrenched themselves here, hidden away like a nest of mice, in a nest superb as a falcon's turret. From here they are swinging a heavy battle-axe against a universe of Mammonism and Meccanism. Foreign and Italian literati form a sort of learned school, as of old in the Acropolis of Greece. A club newly formed, styling itself "Friends of Tigullio", meets often in the old Café Rapallo. Around the tables may often be seen Sem Benelli, Ferruccio Ceiro, Renzo Bianchi, Carlo Gatti, and eminent foreigners from many lands, and today many of them are Americans.

Occasionally John Hemingway Fry, patron of the British Academy of Art in Rome, drops down from his villa at Bordighera. A Californian, Claude Gonvierre, who recently organized a school of music at Siena, returns to his villa and his fox-terrier, after frequent absences on his concert tours.

The loveliest part of all is Portofino. From Portofino Vetta, the top of the camel's hump, you can enjoy a panorama embracing the southern shore as far as eye can see. Or, look towards Genoa, the Superb, with its surrounding hills inlaid with ancient walls and turrets; old forts built by Napoleon silhouette themselves against the sky. Farther away lies Savona and the coast-line sweeping in one large curve, embracing many others, that carries on to San Remo, Ventimiglia, Nice and France.

It is very pleasant to drive along the road from Santa Margherita to Portofino-by-the-sea. A winding road, a few feet from the water, skirts the Gulf; between rocky spurs are sandy yellow colored beaches with green bathing cabins and bright awnings. Especially delightful is Paraggi, half-way on the road, with its hidden small beach of the finest of sands. Here the water is sapphire-blue and cooling on a warm day. On a rocky spur, at the left, rises the castle of Paraggi, called the Pearl of Tigullio. Once a stronghold, it is now turned into a villa with terraced gardens and shade trees. T. R. H. The Prince and Princess of Piedmont made this castle their home last year.

Paraggi is a perfect place to bathe. After a refreshing dip in the water one can be luxuriously lazy, repose languidly in the sun, or eat *merenda* while one talks to friends.

Portofino-by-the-sea is the most picturesque. A little fishing village is situated on the curve of the smallest of ports, its old houses, clasped together in faded pink hues, as if for company, almost lean over the water. It is just in the lee of the point, on the shelving side, the other being precipitous cliffs beaten by the sea at all times. In this cove the water mirrors as in a lake.

A little church, religiously kept by the superstitious fishermen, stands athwart a steep neck that follows to the remaining bit of a hill and lighthouse. Famous villas abound on the tiny peninsula beyond the chapel. On the hill-side above is Castle Mumm, where the ex-Kaiser was often a guest. The Castle Brown stands out for its thick walls and battlements. Previously the home of Lady Carnarvon, it is now the estate of her daughter-in-law, who is the daughter of the former American Ambassador Willard. Her sister married Kermit Roosevelt in Madrid.

No car or conveyance penetrates so far. One climbs mule paths. Here and there are seen women, young and old, busy at an inherited task —the making of the renowned Santa Margherita lace. While their husbands, fathers and sons are at sea, they sit busily at work, waiting for the approach of the feluccas with their lateen sails around the point, to call them to their pots and pans.

A simple inn is in the center of the piazza. Here one may eat good seafood and drink excellent white wine, to the music of local talent— melodious voices and thrumming guitars. But a stone's throw away urchins play in the water and dark-eyed fat babies blink at you.

San Fruttuoso is around the point. There are two ways to get there: one by tortuous goat paths, the other by boat; and though around the point there is always a swell, the latter way is preferable. The hamlet comprises a few heavy and thick walled houses and the remains of an old Doria fortress with a look-out jutting on some rocks, an impregnable refuge from the pirates that abounded around the Coast. Here are a miniature chapel and the tombs of the Doria family, once renowned in the history of the Republic of Genoa. Their descendents live in Genoa today.

Epilogue to Swimming

(Continued from page 14)

sters. With cold cuts, stewed fruits and the tropical papayas, almost any appetite can be appeased. The coffee is kept hot in a big samovar so that you can help yourself to innumerable demi-tasses.

During bathing and luncheon a retiring radio concealed in the patio's lush foliage plays delicious airs, and guests find themselves chatting rhythmically to strains of "An Echo in the Valley." The early starters settle down to a quick rubber, or a backgammon game before the late comers have finished, each one staying at table just long enough for self appeasement. The only service rendered by the servants is to pass the cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, place the food on the side tables, and clear away the débris. Aside from this, every man for himself and every woman also, and with ultimate contentment to all, for who can cater to a good appetite half as well as its own fortunate possessor?

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Common or Garden Talk

(Continued from page 51)

For the fleshy-leaved types, stock, forget-me-not, snapdragon, calendula, a 12-hour bath after cutting; woody-stemmed flowers, such as chrysanthemums and peonies, should have the stems crushed a little at the tip, or a few slits made in the stems; dahlias should be cut in full bloom after the sun goes down, and placed in a bath in a cool room with the lower leaves removed; asters keep twice as long if cane sugar is added to the water; poppies hold their petals longer if a few drops of gelatin are placed in the heart of the blossom as it opens in water; a little paraffin barely warm poured into the hearts of water lilies will encourage them to stay open longer.

Flower holders with dancing sprites upon them, and ribbon bows "of any kind whatsoever, whether they be tied on the tortured vegetation itself" or elsewhere, the author relegates to an era of sentimentality.

This book has real significance in the field of decorative arts; it relates the garden and the home as a true artist relates his materials. For both the novice and the person long devoted to the joys of raising and cutting and arranging flowers, this book holds a great deal in store.

OCCASIONALLY when you are buying seed you verify the axiom that precious things come in small packages. This is certainly the case with a new card index garden box which happens to be practically given away with Vigoro, a commercial plant food. The index is thoroughly reliable. It was compiled by Mrs. Elizabeth Peterson of the Horticultural Society of New York, and now that garden clubs have suddenly discovered it, everyone wants it at once. It is a complete gardening encyclopedia and a planning and planting program all in one, clearly printed on small cards, arranged alphabetically, and listed under perennials, rock gardens, soils, vines, and all other subdivisions of gardening. The cards come in a regular index box, with space left for your own notes.

WE ARE accustomed to associating Mrs. Fox with lilies, but she has off the press this month a new book on herbs, published by Macmillan. This book is the result of several years of experimentation with sixty herbs which the author found adapted to small American gardens. No book on this subject would be complete without dabbling a little in the romance and legend of aromatic plants. Mrs. Fox has moved through these in a leisurely fashion telling of the chaplets of saffron crocus, parsley, or rue which the Greeks and Romans wore "to protect them from inebriation or perhaps to prolong their ability to soberly enjoy their drinking"; of meats and fish spiced with herbs to disguise the taste of decomposition, before there were ice boxes to keep food fresh; of Roman dinner parties where the floors were sprinkled with fresh rose petals; of herbs sold today, even in New York City, for "concentration work" love potions, and the like.

Each herb has its botanical characteristics listed, then its history and legend are discussed, and its uses. Finally, specific planting instructions are given, so that if you take a fancy to any plant as it is discussed you can go forth and plant it.

But it is the back of this book which fascinates me—a last chapter in which Mrs. Fox suddenly turns her garden book into the forgotten volume of American cookery—"Cooking with Herbs." One's eye catches such things as Reseda Bowle, made of fifteen fresh flower spikes of mignonette, or Marechal Niel roses; The King's Mead, from honey and lemon and nutmeg; French herb soup; caraway and rose cookies; marigold custard, flavored with marigold petals pounded in a mortar, and garnished with marigold blossoms—indeed if the first chapter had been such things as these the herb plot of many a reader would doubtless have been planted before the amusing chapters on legend of herbs were ever reached.

Broadway to Date

(Continued from page 59)

fifteen scenes and three generations, the principals in the first part appearing as the descendants in the latter part. Love, musty sentiment and the hunt for the *dear* lost grandchild in the Paris cafés are the themes, with which you were thoroughly familiar, if you are not a child, when McKinley was stumping.

Those who infuse some life into this musical story are Jeanne Aubert, Hal Skelly and the whirling legs of that daintiest of dancers, Vivian Fay.

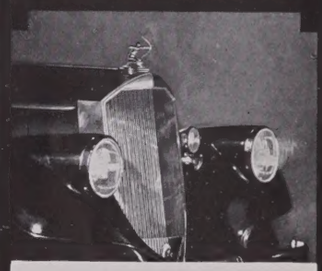
CÆSAR JULIUS

The merry Yale Puppeteers go on their prancing, dancing way, stringing us (literally) with a new piece of good hokum, "Cæsar Julius."

Walter Winchell, Heywood Broun and Robert Benchley are satirized in the Yale boys' latest playlet, in three scenes and a prologue. The first scene is a Roman bath, where Walter, Heywood and Bob come in search of wisecracks, clothes and what have you? Then there is a temple scene, and finally that old public slaughter-house, the Coliseum, is made to do its dire and dirty work. Songs, jokes and idle quips punctuate the lack of plot. The technique of these Yale boys is perfect and the singing good.

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Chez Vous in France

(Continued from page 42)

place. It consists of a living room, kitchen, three bedrooms, bathroom, and servants' quarters. The chief attractions to the chatelaine were the terrace overlooking the hills and distant Mediterranean, the grove of olive trees, and a garden full of flowers. Miss Wood engaged her staff of servants at Cagnes and her cook (who she says was a gem) cost her a mere eighteen dollars a month.

She is enthusiastic about the places one can find around old Cagnes and at St. Paul (though she claims the latter has gone rather arty). At old Cagnes, there are some enchanting houses, mediaeval in appearance (and I'm afraid in plumbing also) which Peggy Wood describes as being like London theatres—you enter them from the street and then descend in tiers, as the houses are built on hillsides. She tells me that George Antheuil (whose opera will be sung here next winter) has a villa nearby for which he pays the princely sum of one hundred dollars—not by the month—but by the year!

Although Antibes is such a favorite place for Americans to have villas—for instance, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, the Lawrence Tibbetts, and Grace Moore—many people prefer to live on the other side of Cannes, in the beautiful Estérel. In this district the rents are, I gather, cheaper. Hans Waegen of Berlin, Paris, and New York, summers there in a villa ten miles from Cannes, next to Mrs. Henry Clewes' imposing chateau. Mr. Waegen paid a rent of two hundred dollars for three months, furnished, and his villa—you see it illustrated—was painted a brilliant yellow which, accented by masses of bougainvillea, was exactly right for the blue background of the Mediterranean. Downstairs, it consisted of a sitting room, dining room, washroom, kitchen, and servants' room. Upstairs, there were two master bedrooms and a bath. The villa was situated in two-and-a-half acres of well-planted grounds, which included a terrace garden and a private bathing beach. There was a garage for two cars.

As an example of how much it costs to maintain such a ménage for the summer, Mr. Waegen cites the following: he had two house guests continuously; he had two luncheons of twenty people every week, as well as two dinner parties a week for six or eight guests; his staff included a cook, maid, and chauffeur; now then—hold your breath—the cost of all these items, wages and upkeep of car (a major item) was four hundred dollars a month. So, everything—including the rent—ran to four hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. An interesting sidelight on Mr. Waegen's expenditure is that out of this monthly outlay the gin for cocktails ran to sixty dollars. Riviera's thirst is as insatiable as that of New York, apparently. On the other hand, his beautiful Rosé wine cost only nine-and-a-half cents a bottle! All his servants were hired by the *Epicier* of the village, and were perfectly satisfactory.

But perhaps I've cited examples which are too extravagant. Here, then, are some other suggestions for a Riviera summer. At places such as Cavalaire and St. Tropez, for eight hundred francs a month you could have a villa consisting of two bedrooms, living-dining room, bathroom, kitchen—even central heating, too. For one thousand francs, you can have an extra bedroom and a garden.

And here are some figures which will give you an idea of what your living expenses will be at one of these places (remember, a franc is four cents). Milk is 2.50 francs a litre; meat and poultry are about 20 to 25 francs a kilo; oranges are exceedingly cheap in this district, being obtainable for 60 centimes each; asparagus can be had for 6.50 a bunch. Of course, sea food is very inexpensive at the market—or, if you prefer, the fisherman will deliver it to your very door. Coal costs about 10 francs a day for heating a small villa—but you'll probably burn wood in your fireplace on cool summer evenings. Your electricity will probably cost about 25 francs a month.

Here's another suggestion which may appeal to timid souls used to apartment life at home, who would feel more comfortable in the same manner of living abroad. At Nice, in the heart of the smart Cimiez district, there's an apartment house where you can have lovely apartments including hot water, central heating, telephone, elevator service and maid service at most reasonable rates. A flat consisting of three bedrooms, a foyer-salon, dining room, breakfast room, bath, and kitchen can be had for (including all furniture, linen, china, and silver) eighty dollars a month. If you want to keep house, the management will engage you a good cook for twenty dollars a month and a maid for twelve. You can find out all about this place from Barclay's Bank in Nice or, here in New York, from Joseph Sgueglia, 41 Park Row.

If you crave a climate not so tropical and relaxing as the Riviera, you'll perhaps hie yourself to Normandy or Brittany. In these bracing provinces, you have the choice of many places, mostly on the sea. But you'll probably find yourself torn between Dinard, Paramé, St. Servan, and St. Malo. At these spots congregate Americans, British and, of course, many attractive French people who lead most active lives, what with their bridge, golf, and tennis—and I mean all the year round. Oh yes, if you go to Brittany for the summer, you may find yourself taking a year-round lease on your summer cottage. All four towns which I've mentioned are connected by motor bus. If you are interested in this particular part—and it's a very fascinating one—of France, I suggest that you look over a booklet called "Le Prix des Hotels

Chez Vous in France

de France" which is issued by the French Government Tourist Bureau at 4 East 53rd Street, New York City. As a tip, you might do well to go to Paramé to a most delightful *pension*, the Villa Micingka, which is run by a former American trained nurse. Her cuisine is famous among American, Canadian, and English visitors and her house boasts central heating, good plumbing, a charming garden, and a situation right near the sea front.

If you don't want to risk the fog and gray days, which are all too prevalent in the channel ports—but if you likewise don't care for the rotogravure crowds on the Riviera, you may decide that the Basque country is your best bet. The first place you think of is Biarritz—Biarritz which Empress Eugénie made fashionable a hundred years ago when she built her luxurious villa, now the Hotel du Palais. Since the days of Eugénie, royalty has patronized Biarritz steadily—Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and the ex-King of Spain—they've all loved it there. Though it is still the favorite *plage* of patrician English families, you can get a furnished house in Biarritz for as little as 1,000 francs a month, with a living room, dining room, kitchen, four bedrooms with hot and cold running water, bathroom, central heating, and open fireplaces. The rent I mention includes the long, cheap, winter months and the short summer season, when prices are always higher. In other words, it's on a yearly basis. Servants in Biarritz can be had for the same prices you pay elsewhere in France—300 to 400 francs a month for either a cook or general maid. The markets in this Basque town are, besides being good, gay and lots of fun. Eggs are about 4 francs a dozen, meat 20 francs a kilo (with lamb less). The milk is noted for its excellence and is delivered at 1.60 francs the quart.

But Biarritz is only one, though the chief spot you may think of as a residence in the Basque country. There is, for instance, St. Jean-de-Luz, which though not as smart, is in many ways, more attractive. It is more informal—and, which is to many more important, is nearer the Spanish border. In a very few minutes, you can whisk yourself by car or motor bus over to San Sebastian, a town and harbor which I think is more interesting than any on the French side. Here in San Sebastian, you have not only the glamour of Andalusia, but you have the added attraction of bull fights—and even though you don't like them, they do incite dinner table conversation when you get home!

If you aren't keen about the sea, and want to get away from any aspect of fashionable *plages*, then I suggest you go to Pau. Seven hundred feet above sea level, Pau stands on a plateau and offers you superb climate, not only during the summer, but the year round. It is popular with English, Americans, and Spanish residents who maintain homes all year in this sophisticated—though not too much so—smart little city of Southern France. If you go to Pau for the summer and are keen on fox hunting, you'll probably remain for the winter, joining the English and American colony who hunt in the vicinity. You'll find excellent golf at Pau and a membership in the English Club is but fifty dollars a year.

If you want to get entirely away from the summer colonists—and if you have a hankering after the country life as lived by the French families your husband told you he knew during the war, then go to St. Emilion, an hour and a half outside of Bordeaux. Well away from the foggy Garonne Valley, this charming village will give you a taste of what life is like in a rich French countryside. They say that in this picturesque ancient town, you can live oh-so-well for ten to twelve francs a day per person—I mean for food. I've heard of an American family of four which pays only sixty dollars a month for food. I won't go into details of what this and that cost at St. Emilion—but if you're really interested, you can write to the office of R. Mascret, Place du Marché, St. Emilion, who will tell you all the things you want to know. If you want to go even more rural, you might try Rocamadour, six hours from Bordeaux, in the Valley of the Dordogne. This town is one of the most fascinating you'll find in all of France and if you don't mind mediaeval toilet facilities, you can probably live more cheaply there than any of the places I've suggested. There are so many fascinating things to see in the neighborhood of Rocamadour that I hope, if you haven't your own motor with you, you will buy one of those absurd little French motors so that you can do some scouting.

Granted that these paragraphs have aroused some latent spark and you decide on a summer in France, what procedure will you take? If you are going abroad anyway and you know your way about, old hands at the game of renting villas say that the best thing to do is to go to the spot that you have in mind and put up at a hotel for a few days. This will give you an opportunity of looking around for yourself and knowing exactly what you're going to get. Those who believe in this method feel that many agents are apt to do you, although on the other hand I know people who much prefer to have an agent's help. If you want to be assured of what you're going to have before you leave our shores, you can go to the French Travel Bureau in New York. Also, there's an Englishman who lives at the Madison Hotel who will do all the dirty work for you and go to innumerable pains to see that you're pleased. He is Captain L. M. Hopkins—and will even go so far as to engage your servants for you. If you're really excited about living in France for the summer, I can't recommend too strongly that you read a book called "Break Your Lease" by Helen H. Gay. It gives you all the information you're crazy to have.

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